

The Destruction of Hogwarts

Chapter 1

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A/N: Editor for this story is Dave

A/N: This is a short story about a bashing Harry. The theme of the story is anger, but not the anger of Harry, but the anger of everyone around him. In this story we don't meet Voldemort or his Dead Eaters, but the payments being made by those who wronged Harry in his short life. This story will count about three chapters and about 15,000-16,000 words and it must be completed within the coming weekend.

I tell you now how the story will end. Hogwarts will be destroyed. The rest is up to you to read.

Wim

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Harry James Potter was staring at the Slytherin tables at the other side of the Great Hall during the welcoming feast at Hogwarts. At his right was Ron telling about his vacation in Romania and the food he ate and dragons he saw, at his left was Hermione telling about her trip through Italy and all the beautiful and interesting museums she had visited. Harry was able to follow both conversations at the same time, thanks to all the six years of experience he had being friends and part of the Golden Triangle, as the students at Hogwarts would like to label them.

The Golden Trio sat with their backs towards the teachers table and Harry did not mind, because his subject of attention was a certain Slytherin. She was known as the ice queen, and the most beautiful girl in Hogwarts and subject of many wet dreams of the male population. In all his five years that he was 'enjoying' his 'wonderful' magical education; no male had a chance to speak with her, not to mention trying to start something. It was not the question of lacking the efforts, noooooooo, many Slytherin princes had tried, but they were

all ignored. Not only the Slytherins had tried, several others as well, but nobody had had a chance with her.

A piece of chicken leg fell out of the mouth of Ron Weasley ... straight in front of Harry; thick pottage flew everywhere straight out of his half open mouth and Hermione squeezed his biceps painfully to explain a naked David-statue in Rome. Ron had the rest of the chicken leg in his hand and he was waving it in the air to demonstrate the flight of a female dragon hunting down Charlie, one of the many brothers Ron had. All of the attention demanding friends did nothing to Harry, because he was remembering his summer and he looked at the Slytherin table again, but this time with a vague smile.

Ron stuffed his half eaten chicken leg into his mouth.

The Ice Queen was about to melt ... *for him*. Daphne looked up from her position at the Slytherin table, and their eyes met briefly; an eyebrow went up and her cool, icy blue eyes stared straight in his green pulsating ones ... only one moment of locking sights of the two impossible combinations of the special people from Hogwarts student population, and it was gone. Harry grinned, and rubbed his hands together in anticipation.

He was going to cause the most entertaining, most shocking show Hogwarts had ever witnessed in all its thousand years of existence. He was about to begin his revenge against all of those who had wronged him all his long years at Hogwarts, and he love it. And when he played his cards right, he would get the Ice Queen to boot as well.

Laughter was heard coming from the Slytherin table, and he saw his most loving enemy, Draco Malfoy, standing at the head of the table with a glass in his hand. He was obviously making a toast about something, and he had the attention of almost everyone at his side of the table. Laughter erupted again from the table and Malfoy drank from his cup, immediately copied by the rest of the Slytherins.

"I tell you, I never saw such losers in my life," screamed Seamus Finnigan several seats from Harry's left side. He was describing a football match he had visited last week, and was demonstrating the movements of a football player when he tried to score, but hit his head at the goal posts instead.

"That idiot was out within seconds and we won shortly with three zero," he yelled and laughed. Ginny Weasley was looking bored at her boyfriend in theory and sighed loudly.

"Yeah mate," yelled Dean Thomas with a laugh. "That idiot is not able to keep in the game for longer then fifteen minutes. I wonder why they paid one and half million Pounds sterling for his transfer; they better could keep him where he came from."

A flash and Colin Creevey was cheerfully grinning. Another photo made from the boy-who-lived and nodding ecstatically at Harry, who was now scowling. One of these days he would shove that camera straight into his ass, if the boy would not be a homo, Harry thought.

Behind Colin were Lavender Brown and Parvati Patil gossiping, both girls were looking uneasy at him, and turned their faces immediately towards each other when they felt his burning globes and Merlin knows what they were talking about.

At the very end of the table Harry could see all the scary first years, who were watching in trepidation at all the mystical and magical beauty of Hogwarts Great Hall and the blustering and passionate bunch of the Gryffindor table. Now that one mystery was solved; the sorting into their house, they were now waiting in tremor for the next shocking things to happen. At the teachers table they saw the famous figure of the Headmaster Dumbledore sitting, the almost mystical figure of the wizarding world, and some of the first years were ogling the other mystical stature, *the* Harry Potter, the only one, the chosen one and he was the real thing.

Well, the next shocking thing to happen to them? Harry grinned again, and Hermione stopped her tirade about the misuse of house elves and glared at him annoyed. He would take care that the first years had their next shocking experience, and not only the first years, he rest of the student population as well. Harry looked briefly at the irritated Hermione, then he turned and stared at the head table, where all professors were busy to eat and talk ... except for Dumbledork and Snape. Both extremes in the wizarding world and both of them were looking straight at Harry.

Dumbledore was watching him with his damned twinkles in his eyes at overdrive, and Snape was glaring at him with as much as possible gloating as he could manage. Then Harry did something what shocked both man, he held out his left hand and showed them his middle finger and smirked. Snape's mouth dropped open for a moment, but Harry turned quickly back and watched closely the Slytherin table; he could catch Daphne watching him with a vague smile on her face at the last moment and she turned her attention back at her plate with food. She was obviously not eating, just playing with it. She remembered his promise he made in the summer and she was curious how he would keep himself at his part of the bargain. She was not sure if he was serious, but when he would do his part, then ...

Harry looked at his watch, still two minutes to go for the show to go off, and he felt Hermione hitting his shoulders to draw his attention to her.

"Harry, what is the matter with you, you seem to be somewhere else. How are you and how are you handling your loss of your Godfather?" she asked.

"Hermione," said Harry. "Breathe!"

Ron was nodding his head, more sauce of his smashed potatoes spread all over the table. "Thas wha I alway say," he said with his mouth full of food.

"For god sake, chew and swallow Ron," said an irritating Hermione, and she turned at Harry. "Tell me how you coped this summer," she insisted.

"Well, Hermione, I think that this summer was the turning point in my life," Harry said slowly and carefully.

Hermione looked at him for a moment with wide eyes, and then looked somewhat unsure. "What do you mean, Harry?"

"Well, "Harry began, and dabbed his mouth with a napkin. "This summer I made some discoveries, and I learned a lot."

Ron forgot the chew and stared at him surprised, while Hermione frowned.

"I discovered that our Ron was not in Romania and I also discovered that you were indeed in Italy, but last year. This year both of you stayed at my house ... you know, the house of my late Godfather," said Harry with a smile, looking again at the Slytherin table.

Both Hermione and Ron were quiet for a moment.

"How ... why do you think so, Harry?" asked a shocked Hermione, her face already flushing. The mouth of Ron was still wide open, his half chewed food clearly visible for anyone to look at, the grease of his potatoes and chicken was leaking out of the corners.

Harry smiled faintly while staring in front of him, like he was remembering fond memories, and he turned to Hermione.

"You both are my best friends," Harry said warmly. "Both of you would never do something to hurt me, both of you would never keep back information from me, especially when it concerns me, and the most important thing of our friendship, you would never spy on me, and you would also never tell the old coot behind us what I have told you. This is friendship; this is the ultimate relationship what not many people have?" Harry looked warmly at Hermione and then to Ron.

Hermione flushed more and she looked at her plate with food. Ron was still staring dumbstruck at him with his mouth open and the food peeping out of it, gravy on his chin and dropping on the table cloth, and he paled. A piece of chicken bone was sticking out of his mouth.

Harry looked again at his watch and grinned. He stood up from the table and took a step backwards.

"You guys would never betray me, won't you?" he said loudly, getting the attention of the people on his side of the Gryffindor table.

Hermione did not look up and continued to stare at the table. Ron's bulging eyes were following him, too dazed to say or do anything else.

"What's up, Harry?" asked Neville Longbottom wearily.

Harry smiled at Neville and grinned widely. "Never been better, Neville," answered Harry with a twinkle in his eyes. "I think that I shocked both Hermione and Ron into stupor."

Hermione looked up from her plate and glared at Harry. "I do not appreciate that you doubt my story," she said indignantly. Harry could see that she had paled, just like Ron, who was still looking dazed with all his food in his mouth, disgusting sight it was, really.

"Do you know that a member of an illegal organization is punishable by law?" asked Harry innocently. He glared closely at Hermione, who was opening her mouth to retort, but then decided against it and closed her mouth immediately, paling even more.

"Wha ... wha ammmm?" stammered Ron, more smashed potatoes flying over the table. A part chewed chicken leg flew over the table and landed on Hermione's plate.

Neville looked briefly at the duo and back at Harry with his eyebrows high up into his hairline.

"They are having a fit of bad consciousness, Neville," Harry said smiling at him.

Hermione glared at Harry, her eyes narrowing. Harry shook his shoulders and showed a lopsided smirk. He took his wand from his robe and waved it in a circular motion above his head and murmured something under his breath.

An icy feeling washed over his body, beginning from his head till his feet and the glamour charm was released. Black lustrous hair fell over his shoulders; his black robes changed into rich warm black robes of silk, boots from dragon hide, a large leather belt with two spare wands ... the traditional wear of a Head of House.

This started to get the attention of everyone in the Great Hall, and slowly it became quiet. Harry smirked and started to walk. He passed everyone from the Gryffindor table and he walked towards the middle of the Great Hall, all eyes on him.

Parvati Patil was staring at him in amazement, she could not believe it! He had fooled everyone with his hot looks. Ginny Weasley almost fell from her chair, what happened with Harry? She felt her heart contracting. She always loved the boy since she was ten, but what she saw now was a god in person.

Many girls in the Great Hall was staring at the tall boy who lived.

Snape was now standing looking outraged.

*"Potter, you clown ... **sit down**"* he yelled.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said Harry loudly, ignoring Snape.

Snape's looked unbelievably at the young Gryffindor. "I think he lost it, Albus," he said too loudly. Dumbledore was watching Harry intently and slowly his twinkles in his eyes went down in intensity. He was unsure what was going to happen, but he started to get a bad feeling about this.

Draco Malfoy started to smirk and opened his mouth to say something witty. This was truly something too good to pass on.

Harry reached the middle of the Great Hall, and looked intently at the Slytherin table. Draco Malfoy followed his gaze and almost lost it there. The Ice Queen seemed to be the one who was looking back at Potter ... she did not look like the Ice Queen anymore, because her eyes were shining and her face sparkled in pleasure.

Harry bowed towards Daphne and she smiled ... an amazing warm smile. She started to melt already; Harry mused and smiled back hopefully. He hoped that he didn't screw this up.

"Dear Miss Greengrass," he said loudly. Everyone in the Great Hall looked confused and shocked, but Dumbledore understood better, and the twinkles came back in his eyes. Young Potter was making a move towards one of the most beautiful girls of Hogwarts ... and a Slytherin girl on top. This would be interesting. He felt Severus stirring next to him ... it seemed that the Head of Slytherin was realizing what was going to happen and Dumbledore leaned against the back of his

chair in relaxation and prepared for the captivating show to begin. Just like his father, he thought.

"May I have the honor to invite you to the Hogwarts dance at the end of the week?" Harry asked loudly. Immediately whispers broke out everywhere in the hall, Hagrid was grinning broadly, looking proud at his young whelp.

Harry could hear many voices asking what ball. The eyes of Dumbledore went wide. Ball? What ball? And he frowned. He did not remember to order any ball for anyone, and at least not the students.

Daphne stood up from the Slytherin table with twinkling eyes, mirth obviously on her face.

"Dear Sir," Daphne began, silencing everyone in the hall. A crash was heard at the back of the Gryffindor table. A certain red headed boy with the name of Ron Weasley lay bewildered on the floor. He fell from his chair in amazement and the loud laughter of Neville was noticeable as well. Draco's mouth dropped open in horror.

"Before I can answer that, you are honor bound to do something first," Daphne answered expectantly.

"As my lady commands," said Harry in a bow and his hand waved towards the large doors of the Great Hall. He smiled broadly

The doors opened and slammed against the walls. Three figures dressed in heavy cloaks covered partly with red coats marched into the Great Hall, and the twinkles in Dumbledore's eyes disappeared instantly and were replaced with a worried frown. What were Aurors doing here at this ungodly hour?

The three Aurors continued to march towards the head table and everyone was as quiet as a mouse; not one sound was heard in Hogwarts Great Hall.

In front of the head table the Aurors came to a stop and the tallest Auror took the word.

"Headmaster Dumbledore," the tall Auror began. "You have two students with the name Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger at Hogwarts," he said.

Dumbledore's eyebrows went his into his hairline.

"Yes, those students are in Hogwarts," he answered.

"I have a warrant for their arrest," the Auror said and pulled a parchment out of his robes and threw it on the table. Gasps came from many people in the Great Hall, and everyone seemed to hold their breath.

"Wha ... ?" the voice of Ron Weasley said from the floor behind the Gryffindor table.

"Shut up, Ron," Ginny Weasley hissed loudly.

Draco Malfoy giggled unbelievably.

"On what grounds," said Dumbledore forcefully, not looking at the parchment. He stood up and eyed the Aurors.

"They are changed with membership of an illegal organization," answered the tall Auror undaunted. He was not impressed with the Headmaster of Hogwarts.

"Illegal organization?" repeated Dumbledore surprised. He felt the beginning of a headache coming up.

"Yes, Sir," the Auror answered. He took his own parchment. "A certain ..." and he looked more closely. "... births club with the name Order of the Phoenix," he ended. "Where are the two students?"

Dumbledore looked at the Gryffindor table and the Aurors followed his look. Immediately the Aurors recognized Hermione Granger, but they did not see a certain Ron Weasley. The Aurors marched towards the Gryffindor table spreading out as they did ... wands in their hands. The tall Auror saw Ron Weasley sitting on the floor looking dazed and his mouth full of food, he had even the a part of a chicken leg sticking

out of his mouth. He was obviously stunned that he was going to be arrested, the Auror thought.

He marched briskly at the boy, grabbed his arm and pulled him on his feet.

"In name of the Minister of Magic, you are under arrest for membership of an illegal organization 'the birds club Order of Phoenix'," he said. "Everything you say can be used against you in a Court of Law, and you have the right for a by the Ministry assigned lawyer if you think that you need it."

Ron could not say anything. He had no idea what was going on, first Harry and his strange remarks, then Harry's flirting with a Slytherin and then ... the Aurors?

"Hermione?" he said.

Hermione was already in shackles and was crying, looking upset and confused. She heard Ron asking for her, but could not look at him. He looked at Dumbledore for help. But Dumbledore was not looking at her or Ron; he was looking thoughtfully at his plate with a worried frown on his face and obviously was avoiding looking at her. Hermione realized that there was no help from the headmaster, and her sight came to stop at the grinning Harry.

"Harry?" she asked mystified.

The Auror pulled on her shackles and dragged her straight through the Great Hall towards the open doors. Behind Hermione Ron was dragged as well. The Aurors with Hermione and Ron passed the smirking Harry and Hermione looked mystified and shocked at Harry.

"I told you that it is illegal to be member of an illegal organization," Harry said smirking. "Have fun in your holding cell." He waved at Hermione.

Ron's face was in the mean time red and the boy was obviously becoming angry. He spit out the food in his mouth and wanted to rant, but the Auror who was dragging the red haired boy did not want to have any shit and he hissed to Ron to be quiet. The five people left

Hogwarts through the doors. Harry took his wand in his hand and waved towards the doors and they slammed close with a big satisfying crack.

Harry bowed again towards Daphne.

Daphne laughed.

"I would be honored, Good Sir," she said smiling warmly.

Harry immediately walked with big steps towards the Slytherin table with a spring in his steps, grabbed tenderly Daphne's hand and kissed it.

Everyone in the Great Hall was paralyzed because of shock and surprise. At the back of the Slytherin table the sound of someone crashing on the floor. Draco Malfoy fell from his chair in astonishment.

"What happened?" everyone could hear Malfoy's surprised voice.

"Why the Aurors?" whispered Daphne.

"Why not?" answered Harry with a smirk.

"May I make you attend on the fact that our deal is still not finished?" asked Daphne with one elegant eyebrow rose, looking him straight into the eyes.

"I know, My Lady," Harry said bowing again. "I am going to work on that."

Daphne looked for a moment in his eyes and smiled. "I'm sure you do, but for me to kiss you, you must complete the second promise," she said, a bit louder.

"Did you see that?" said a hidden Malfoy from the floor. "Potter arrested Weasel and Beaverhead. What is going on?"

Headmaster Dumbledore's headache became worse and he looked frowning at Harry, who stood in front of Daphne Greengrass whispering with each other.

“Mr. Pot-ter,” he roared.

Harry turned calmly at the head table. “Yes Sir?” Harry asked innocently.

“What do you know about the arrest of Ms. Granger and Mr. Weasley?” the headmaster screamed very upset.

“Not much, Sir. They are arrested because of membership of the illegal birds club The Order of Phoenix,” Harry answered calmly with a vague smile on his face.

“Get that smile of your face, Potter, insufferable brat,” Snape sneered.

“I believe that they became member of that birds club this summer, Sir,” continued Harry as nothing was being said. “I also believe that it is the same club as you are chairman off, and that black crow next to you as its spy. They became member of the birds club at the third of July, eight o’clock in the evening during the Order meeting. Mrs. Weasley was the only Order member who was against their inclusion at the birds club and I think you wish that you had listened to her,” Harry said with a smirk.

“Silence, brat!” roared Snape with a red face.

“Something is wrong with the sound here, Headmaster,” said Harry looking disturbed around him. “I heard some chickens around here. Maybe the twins pulled a joke?”

Snape was speechless, he could not believe his ears, and he was reaching for his wand to curse the boy.

“Mr. Potter,” the Headmaster yelled. ***“In my office now!”***

“Well, why should I do such thing, Headmaster? I believe that Ron and Hermione were arrested by the Ministry because they were members of the illegal organization, which is under your leadership, or am I wrong?” asked Harry smiling widely.

Everywhere he heard people gasping and they were looking tensely at Harry and the Headmaster.

Snape jumped straight over the head table with his wand in his hand ... pointing at Harry.

“Well, Headmaster?” asked Harry innocently.

A purple beam burst from the wand of Snape and traveled extremely fast at Harry, who waved his hand and a silver dome appeared around him. The purple beam of magical energy collapsed against the shield and bounced back to the potion master, hitting him straight in his chest and he went down immediately.

“I told you, Headmaster. I believe that there is an infestation of chickens in Hogwarts,” Harry said with an amused voice.

Immediately two persons burst into laughter, Fred and George Weasley were rolling over the floor in laughter, and Neville was grinning widely.

The face of the Headmaster became red; he stood up and grabbed his wand.

“I think it is wiser to come with me to my office, Harry,” the Headmaster said calmly. Behind him was Professor McGonagall huffing and looking outraged because of the behavior of one of her Gryffindors.

“It is scandalous,” she huffed. “Mr. Potter, how could you behave like that?”

Harry grinned cheekily and looked at Snape lying on the ground. “Aren’t you waking up your dog, Dumbledore?”

*“Mr. Potter, fifty points from Gryffindor for your cheek, **this is outrageous!**”* yelled Professor McGonagall.

Harry shook his shoulders, made a fast movement with his hand and his wand appeared in his hand. He saw Madam Pomfrey hasting herself to come to the scene, but Harry didn’t care. He waved his wand over the body of Snape while murmuring something under his breath.

“What do you think you are doing, Mr. Potter. Put that wand away immediately!” huffed Professor McGonagall.

“Shut it, old hag,” snarled Harry at the old stern professor. Harry looked with flashing eyes at Dumbledore.

“He, Dumbledork, this arsehole tried to curse me with a dark spell ... a nightmare curse,” he snarled again. Dumbledore lifted his hand with his wand towards Harry and Harry’s eyes narrowed.

“If you start firing off curses towards me, old coot, I drop the whole of Hogwarts on your old head, do you understand me,” Harry growled.

Dumbledore froze in mid-movement and looked with his wide pale blue eyes at Harry. “What happened with you, Harry?” he said calmer now.

“I think that I discovered something this summer, and I did not like what I had learned. But on the other side I also discovered many other things, which were ... let’s say ... much nicer, and with this he looked up to Daphne with a smile.

“Shall we go to your office then, Dumbledore?” Harry asked and he started to walk towards the closest entrance he saw. When he was passing Snape, he waved his hand towards the professor, but he continued walking.

Madam Pomfrey was startled, because Professor Snape suddenly awoke with a shock while she was applying detection charms on the professor. With a shock she stopped and saw the panic in the eyes of the professor.

“Severus, are you alright?” she asked anxious. Snape opened his mouth and started to gnarl at the stupid woman.

“*Tok Tok-tok-toooooooooooooooooo-ooook*” he said and the twins at the Gryffindor table fell at the floor again in laughter, while the rest of the student population were looking unbelievably at the professor, who was making the sounds of a chicken.

“Harry, please wait!” yelled Dumbledore when he was half running through the corridors to catch up with the fast walking Harry. Harry paused and waited for the old man to catch up with him, and they both walked towards the office.

“Was that needed what you did with Professor Snape, Harry?” asked Dumbledore.

“Yes, Headmaster, that was really needed. That bastard almost cursed me with a nightmare curse, and this is only a small payback of what he almost did to me. And there is also a lot of outstanding debts he has with me, and that will be paid back in full due time,” said Harry calmly, like he was describing the weather. Dumbledore looked warily at Harry, but said further nothing.

When they arrived at the office of Dumbledore, he asked Harry to sit and to wait. Dumbledore went to the fireplace and started to flog a lot of people. After twenty minutes he was ready and sat behind his desk and looked at Harry. Before the headmaster could say anything else, a fuming Snape entered the office. If looks could kill, Harry would drop dead at that moment, but instead he was having fun and smirked widely. This seemed to infuriate Snape even more, and he grabbed his wand from his robes, but he was stopped by the Headmaster, who held out his hand.

“This is more than enough, you two,” he said somberly. He turned to Harry.

“Do you have anything to do with the arrest of Mr. Weasley and Ms. Granger, Harry?” he asked.

“Yes, Professor, I did,” Harry said coolly.

“***You little shite!***” yelled Snape, but he cooled down immediately when the Headmaster held out his hand again.

The Headmaster looked disappointed at Harry.

“Why?” he asked sadly.

“Well, Dumbledore. You invited them to join the Order and you ignore me. You lied to me and you forced them to do the same.

“It is Professor to you, you brat!” growled Snape, but Harry ignored the man.

“How could you go to the Aurors, Harry?” Dumbledore asked evenly.

“Well, Dumbledore, the situation is as follows,” said Harry calmly. “At my first day at the Dursley’s I found out that you lied to me all the time, and you ‘forgot’ to tell me certain details. It becomes even better, I learned that after Sirius died, that there was a reading of the Sirius’s heritage and I learned that I inherited everything, including the Black Manor, which you and your birds club are using for your boy scout activities. Well, I am afraid that will have to end, the manor is not accessible by anyone anymore except me.”

Everyone was quiet, but for different reasons.

“You are kicked out of the Black Manor because of your silence, Dumbledore. You knew that there was a reading of Black’s Will and you chose not to let me go to that reading. If I would not have come, then I would have lost the right on that heritage and you would get it from Tonks, don’t you?” said Harry with a sneer on his face.

Dumbledore winced, and Harry noticed and smiled wickedly.

“How did you know about the reading of Sirius will?” asked Dumbledore calmly.

Harry laughed at that. “You can eat everything, Dumbledore, but not know everything,” Harry said with a smile. “Does that sound familiar to you?”

Dumbledore looked at Harry in silence, and said nothing.

“Oh yeah, one more thing,” said Harry with a smirk. “I would not advise you to peep into my mind, because you might get hurt.”

Snape looked loathingly at Harry and promptly tried to attack Harry’s mind. After two seconds Snape started to scream with everything he

had and was thrown against the wall, throwing several glass cabinets over in his path. Glass shattered and was everywhere, but Snape did not fall ... he was struck against the wall and could not move anymore.

Dumbledore waved at Snape with his wand, but his spell had no effect ... he was still struck against the wall and he sighed frustrated.

Dumbledore looked aggravated for a moment at Snape, then to Harry. "Please release Professor Snape from the wall," asked Dumbledore.

Harry smirked. "I don't think so, Headmaster."

The Headmaster sighed. "And why not?" he asked tiredly.

"Because he attacked me," said Harry, and looked cheekily at the Headmaster.

"What did you do with him?" asked Dumbledore.

"You see, occlumency is something what is already old and predictable. There are several models of occlumency, and I assume that you and Snape know about those models. I, however, used a total other approach in occlumency and if you are interested, I can tell you something about it," Harry said, waving at Snape and looked at Dumbledore expectantly.

The Headmaster nodded. "Yes, please," he said.

"As conventional schools in occlumency states, you build several layers of protection in the form of shields. The outer layers are the memories, which are not important, and you continue to build until you come to the core. All memories are there heavily protected. There are several methods to reach those shields; one of them is pure force and the other is stealth. Both methods have their good and bad points."

Harry looked at the Headmaster, who nodded again, looking interested.

"I, however, did not build those shields in that way," Harry said with a grin. "I used the another model with aggressive predators who are acting as guards, firewalls, which is a shield with holes in it, which are guarded and can be switched on or off, separate networks of memories, which are real or false, and fortifications with traps and other nice things, which are lethal for everyone who tries too enter my mind," said Harry and waited for the Headmaster to say something.

"And what happened with Snape?" asked the Headmaster.

"He encountered one of the aggressive predators and he was mentally attacked in my mind. The predators normally will go after Snape's mind to finish the job and destroy his mind, but I did not want that to happen ... yet."

"Yet?" asked Dumbledore disturbed.

"Indeed," answered Harry. "Snape hates me, and I don't like him as well. When he is attacking me, he must suffer the consequences only when he looses, or he wins and I am finished," said Harry cruelly.

Dumbledore looked disturbed. "From whom did you learn occlumency, Harry?"

Harry smirked, but said nothing.

"It is strange, because according the Order reports, you did not leave your house at Privet Drive and you did not receive any visitors. You neither bought any books, and I wonder how you know all these things like occlumency," said Dumbledore, looking at Harry, who said nothing.

"Harry, there is a reason why you are at Privet Drive when the school is in recess," he said. Harry nodded, but said nothing again. "The blood wards must be recharged," continued Dumbledore.

"Aren't they recharged then?" asked Harry surprised.

"Yes, they are," said Dumbledore, looking closely at Harry, but he did not react.

“Do you know how that is possible?” asked Dumbledore.

“Yes, I do,” answered Harry.

“How?”

“With a simple potion, blood of my aunt and I and that is all what it takes to recharge the blood wards; none of us need to stay at Privet Drive, Headmaster,” answered Harry. “It can be made better, we can install the blood wards at any location, and use our blood to recharge it and we have very strong wards,” Harry continued.

“There is only one small problem, Voldemort carries a trace of my blood, and that renders the blood wards unusable,” said Harry calmly.

Dumbledore frowned.

“You let me come back each year against my will, and it is not even necessary ... and the wards are not giving me any protection. If Voldemort attacks, he will kill me without any problem, and there is nothing what can be done about it.”

Dumbledore winced.

“Headmaster, let me make a small prediction,” Harry said smilingly. “Before this evening is over you are sitting in a holding cell at the Ministry.”

Dumbledore raised an eyebrow. “You think that telling the Ministry that I am the chairman of the Order of Phoenix will cause me to go to jail ... or even to be arrested?” Dumbledore asked icily.

Harry smirked. “No, something much better,” he said.

“Where did you learn occlumency, Harry?” asked Dumbledore.

Harry smiled, but said nothing again.

At that moment, the fireplace flared briefly with blue flames and Arthur Weasley came stepping out the fireplace.

"Ah, Arthur," said Dumbledore relieved, but Arthur did not look pleased ... more worn out than anything else.

"What happened?" asked Dumbledore worried.

"Well, Albus, we got the two free from the holding cells, and they are allowed to be returned to Hogwarts, but the charges stay there," he said. "I don't know who is behind those charges, but whoever it is, he is very powerful and he has excellent lawyers," the red headed patriarch of the Weasley family said tiredly.

"I was forced to pay one thousand Galleons guarantee money and was forced to take a mortgage on our house. The Goblins were more than helpful with the loan," he said wearily.

Harry smirked.

Dumbledore looked irritated at the black haired young man. "Is this funny, Harry?" Dumbledore said. "Do you really think this is so funny, and you are laughing about this? Do you know that Arthur is working for every Galleon he has and all of that is hard earned money? You don't have any right to speak about that, because all of your money is from your parents, and you never, ever worked one single moment in your life ... ever!" Dumbledore said forcefully.

Harry was still smirking and glared at Arthur Weasley.

The fireplace flared again behind Arthur Weasley before anyone could say anything else, and two young people came stepping out of the fireplace; Hermione and Ron. Both of them were looking disheveled and upset.

"Well, as I was going to say," started Harry, looking at the two new arrivals, "you, Mr. Weasley, received every month exactly one thousand and five hundred Galleons from the Potter's vaults for more than five years, starting the September when I was eleven years old."

Arthur's face blanched and he heard Dumbledore moaning and Hermione gasped.

“That blood money was giving to you by a certain Albus Dumbledore, who had access to my vaults, properties and monies, and all of that was without my permission and knowledge,” sneered Harry.

“And you have problems to pay a thousand Galleons for the release of your child and his girlfriend?” asked Harry, still sneering.

Everyone was quiet.

“And I did not mention yet the money you got at the beginning of the holidays, a ten thousand Galleons for last year, and a thirty thousand Galleons this year,” sneered Harry.

Harry calmed down immediately. In honest, he was not even mad or angry at them, that was several weeks ago when he went berserk, but now he wanted to see them suffering. “Rest assured, because justice is about to happen, Mr. Weasley. I hired the most expensive lawyers I could find and they are going to get every penny back from you and your family. And when they are finished with you, you and your whole family is ending up in the poor house,” smirked Harry. “You will not even own your cloths on your back, not to mention sending your children to Hogwarts.”

Then Harry turned quickly to Dumbledore. “And Dumbledore, you will suffer as well, because we are not finished. I hate to finance your private birds club, and I have learned this summer that I financed them already for more then sixteen years. I have paid almost two million Galleons for that club, and that is more then enough. Also this money is going to be paid back till the last Galleon.”

“What happened to you, Harry?” asked Hermione.

“Hermione, listen to me for a moment,” said Harry and looked at her warmly. Hermione smiled hesitatingly. “Alright, Harry?”

“Well, you see,” began Harry, looking at her innocently. “It began two years ago when the Headmaster Dumbledore came to your home and spoke to you about his worries about my mental health. You made that time a promise to keep track of me and to warn the headmaster when something might be wrong with me. Is that right, Hermione?” asked Harry pleasantly.

Hermione looked at him again, and nodded hesitatingly. "That is right, Harry. I did it for your own good," she said.

"Yes, that is what the Headmaster always tells," said Harry pleasantly. "Then last year he wanted to know all the plans I had to do anything, what ever it was. Like pranks, or gossip or other things like nightmares and dreams, isn't that right, Hermione?"

"Yes, Harry," said Hermione.

"And this summer, he wanted you too guard me, and if I went crazy, he wanted you to subdue me and wait for his arrival, isn't that right?"

Hermione looked at the floor.

"You warned Dumbledore four times last year, and four times my memories were forcefully changed ... I was obliviated, wasn't I?" asked Harry, his voice was not so warm anymore.

Hermione said nothing, she stared at the floor.

"My best friend Hermione Granger had betrayed me for a piece of authority," Harry said bitterly.

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Chapter 2

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A/N: The editor for this story is Dave

A/N: I took a break from the story 'The Heritage' after 64 chapters. I promised to write a bashing story and so I do. I also promised three chapters from about 15,000 – 16,000 words and to finish all three chapters this weekend. Well, that promise I can't keep totally. I will finish the three chapters this weekend, but the length of the story will be closer to the 20,000 words then the promised 16,000 words.

A/N: Some words about Dave, my editor of this story (and 'The Heritage'). All thanks and appreciation goes to Dave, because I have it easy, but he must change my Dutch-English into readable English and change the wording and structure of many paragraphs of this story (and the rest).

A/N: For those of you, who have not the patience to wait until Dave is finished with his editing, they can read my unedited work at the Writing Center, URL is in the profile.

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A/N: Scene of last chapter:

"Yes, that is what the Headmaster always says," said Harry pleasantly. "Then last year he wanted to know all the plans that I was going to do - anything, what ever it was. Like pranks, or gossip or other things like nightmares and dreams, isn't that right, Hermione?"

"Yes, Harry," said Hermione.

"And this summer, he wanted you to guard me, and if I went crazy, he wanted you to subdue me and wait for his arrival, isn't that right?"

Hermione looked at the floor.

"You warned Dumbledore four times last year, and four times my memories were forcefully changed ... I was obliviated, wasn't I?" asked Harry, his voice was not so warm anymore.

Hermione said nothing, she stared at the floor.

"My best friend Hermione Granger had betrayed me for a piece of authority," Harry said bitterly.

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"What are you going to do, Harry?" Arthur Weasley asked.

"Mr. Weasley," began Harry. "I have a question for you."

"Yes, Harry?" asked Arthur.

"Aren't you ashamed?" asked Harry.

Arthur Weasley looked at the floor for a moment, and Harry could see that he became red in the face, then looked up again and stared him straight in the eyes.

"Yes, I am ashamed, but in my defense, I didn't get the money from you, but from Dumbledore," he said.

"Didn't you know that the money came from me?" asked Harry incredulous.

"No, Harry, I didn't know that," Arthur Weasley said.

Harry looked intently at the red haired Patriarch of the Weasley family.

"You are only partly lying," said Harry with a grim smile. "I think that when you received the money from Dumbledork here, you didn't know and you didn't ask, but then you started to suspect after a while where the money came from originally, and then probably you found out in a way, and decided still to continue receiving the money and not to say anything about it, especially against me, isn't that right, Mr. Weasley?" Harry asked.

Arthur Weasley's shoulders hung and he looked ashamed, but nodded.

"Does Mrs. Weasley know about the money and its source?"

Arthur Weasley nodded again.

Harry turned to Ron. "Do you know where the money came from?" asked Harry.

Ron flustered. "Yes, I knew," he said.

Harry nodded and looked back at the Headmaster. "Dear Headmaster, I truly wonder how you can do such things, while you stayed on a leader of the light, the leader of the good people, working against the dark, while you performed all those crimes against a young boy, who could not defend him self against such a bad man as your self?" asked Harry.

Dumbledore only looked at Harry, but said nothing.

"I hope you understand that I will have my revenge," said Harry harshly. "I tell you this, Headmaster. I don't give a shit about what you stand for, either for the fight against the evil or Voldemort or his Death Eaters, the Ministry or Hogwarts, I am here only for one reason and that is revenge. I will do everything in my power to bring you down together with everyone in the birds club and further everyone who did me harm in one way or the other. I hope that I am clear about that. Now, if you would excuse me, there is some business I need to clear up before I am going to sleep. Have a nice evening."

Harry stood up and walked towards the door.

"Harry, I don't allow you to go," said the Headmaster, his wand in his hand.

"Ah, you want to erase my memories, isn't it?" asked Harry calmly.

"I think that you went too far, Harry," said the Headmaster, ignoring what Harry said.

Harry crooked an eyebrow but said nothing. He continued to walk to the door and wanted to open it, but the door stayed firmly closed. Harry turned and looked amused at the Headmaster.

"I'm afraid that you will need a new office very soon, or you have some major repair to make," said Harry. "Open the door, old coot; otherwise I will do it my self."

The Headmaster sat back in his chair and looked at the young boy expectantly.

"Make me," he said with a vague smile.

Harry laughed. "Alright," he said cheerfully and turned towards the door, pointed his finger and a huge flash of magic was released.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM CRASH

The door and the wall in the office of the Headmaster were not there anymore. Instead of the wall, there was a large hole where everyone could see through the corridors. Debris lay everywhere, and everyone could hear the noise of people yelling and calling, footsteps were approaching from alarmed people at the other side of the corridor, and everything was covered in a cloud of dust.

Harry smirked. "Now you can air this stuffy office much better," smirked Harry, and he left the office through the hole and disappeared in the cloud.

Ron and Hermione were looking shocked and afraid at the destroyed wall of the office, too shaken to say or do anything else. Dumbledore was staring wide eyed at the destruction and slowly becoming angry; he planned to pay back this boy and he looked at his potion master, who was still hanging against the wall looking hateful, acidic and bitter. Arthur Weasley looked afraid and in awe. What the power that boy had, and all of that without wand. He simply pointed his finger against the door. It was maybe a very good idea to give Harry back the money they had managed to save for the rainy old day, because when such powerful wizard would be really angry at him, then that would be the end of him and Molly.

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Harry looked at his watch, and he smirked. The feast had already ended, but his show not yet. He walked through the castle and reached the entrance of the Gryffindor rooms. He looked up to the fat lady and smirked.

The fat lady looked from her higher position from her frame.

“*Well?*” she asked piercingly.

“I don’t know the password, My Lady,” said Harry with a smile.

“Don’t you want to enter?” she asked surprised and pleased at the same time. Such a polite young man.

“Yes, Ma’am, I love to enter, but as I said, I don’t have the password,” Harry smiled.

“I’m so sorry, Mr. Potter, but I can’t let you enter the dormitories, I hope you understand,” said the fat lady pleasantly.

Harry nodded while still smiling and pointed his finger to the entrance. “Of course, My Lady,” he said and was laughing now. The fat lady raised her eyebrows and looked at him questionable.

Raw magical power collapsed against the door.

BOOOOOOM

The door was blown inwards and collapsed against the wall at the inside of the Gryffindor dormitories with a loud crash, and Harry entered immediately while smiling cheekily. Dust hung everywhere, stones and rubble on the floor, screams and shouts in the background. The old iron door guarding the entrance of the Gryffindor tower was now half embedded in the opposite wall. Harry wondered how they are going to get that door back.

“Oh my,” huffed the fat lady. “***An attack!***” she screamed, but Harry did not care and walked into the common room with a huge smile on his face.

Screams were heard from the inside of the room and Harry looked up. Gryffindors were attempting to run into their dormitories and Harry smirked. So far about the Gryffindor courage and he laughed loudly.

He saw several three years flying into the girl's dormitories and he heard the alarms go off everywhere. It seemed that several boys tried to fly into the girl dormitories. Behind Harry he could hear the alarms go off, which were probably being activated by the guardian of the entrance, the dear old Fat Lady, but Harry did not care.

He walked towards his dormitory, walked to his bed and saw his trunk. He opened it, took out the mirror and closed the trunk again. You never know with the old coot, he thought.

"Mr. Potter, what is the meaning of this?" a shrill voice came from behind Harry.

"Ah, Professor McGonagall, how are you this fine evening?" asked Harry pleasantly.

"I get you expelled because of this," Professor McGonagall shrieked. "You went too far!"

"I don't think so," was the calm reaction of Harry. "But you can always try and I truly hope you succeed."

That was not the answer the Professor expected to hear and she looked dumbstruck at the young man.

"Well ... is there something wrong?" asked Harry innocently.

"You ... you destroyed the tower!" stammered Professor McGonagall.

"Only the entrance of it, that's all," said Harry almost bored. "I did not know the password, so I had no other choice then blow a small hole in the tower to retrieve my things," Harry said in a bored tone of voice. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

The Professor huffed. "If I can't get you expelled, then you have detention for the whole year, and you pay for the damage of the tower as well," she shrieked.

"I don't think so," drawled Harry forcefully and pointed his finger towards the Professor. "If you don't give me privacy here and now, I will remove you with violence," he said threatening.

The Professor managed to draw her wand, but the finger of Harry spit fire and the professor was banished from the dorm with great force. When the Professor crashed in the common room in the middle of her nervous students, the door of Harry's dorm slammed close and flashed briefly. The door was locked and it stayed locked.

Harry sat on the bed and looked at the mirror and smiled warmly.

"Daphne Greengrass," Harry said in the mirror.

The mirror seemed to hesitating, but then it flashed briefly and Harry could hear the soft voice of Daphne calling him; "Harry Potter" it said.

"Hi Daphne," said Harry softly at the mirror.

The face in the mirror was smiling at him. "I heard that you entered Gryffindor tower in style," she said with a ringing laugh.

Harry was surprised and showed it to her. "How do you know?" Harry asked.

Daphne smiled beautifully. "I am at this moment looking at the beautiful hole you having created outside your tower," she said. "And there are all kind of professors here running around like chickens without head, it is a hilarious sight to be hold and saved for ever in the initials and history of this demented place called Hogwarts," she said complacently.

"Do you know that your Head of House wears long underwear?" she asked.

"Long underwear?" asked Harry incredible. "How do you know that?"

"She is wearing a cloak around her underwear, and she is not wearing any night clothing or pajamas, except the underwear then," laughed Daphne.

“Ahhhrrr, that’s just disgusting,” commented Harry, wrinkling his nose.

“Maybe a little charm will get her underway,” Daphne smirked in delight. Harry heard her murmuring something he could not understand and then the laughter of Daphne went through the mirror.

“What did you do?” asked Harry in expecting anticipation.

“I charmed her cloak to open it self constantly and reveal what is underneath,” laughed Daphne. “Oh what a sight is that, I wish I had a camera.”

“Wait! I come out of my dorm and I want to see this myself,” said Harry. He turned the mirror and placed it under his pillow, unlocked the door and left the dorm. Immediately students ran away from him, everyone was scared out of their mind when they saw him coming out of his dorm. He saw Neville standing next to the hole in the wall looking at something, and he was laughing. Harry stood next to the Heir of the Longbottom’s and looked for him self. What he saw was disgusting that he winced. The sight he saw was not funny, it was revolting.

Professor McGonagall was trying to charm her cloak to stop opening it self, but that was not working. The old Professor was trying to tame the cloak, which rolled it self up every time she released a corner. When she bound the bottom part, the top part opened it self and revealed a beige old fashioned corset with a lot of laces and iron straps woven through the heavy material, and Harry winced. Suddenly the cloak opened it self with a shock, and all Gryffindors were witness of the full view of the Professor in underwear, which was at least fifty years old. That was a shocking sight and Harry could hear some students choking and one was even starting to throw up.

Snape was standing paralyzed at the sight before him, and he forgot the scowl or act naughty, hateful or simply bad. The man’s jaw was open in distress and disbelief and he winced when he saw what was under the cloak.

Professor McGonagall was in a rage, and she turned towards the corridors, away from the Gryffindor tower and wanted to fly, saving what was left of her honor and dignity. All of her charms and

transfigurations did not help and the only thing she could do was back to her rooms and get something else to wear and then she would go back to hunt for Potter herself; even if it would be her last thing she would do on this earth.

But the entrance of the corridor towards her rooms was blocked by Snape and the Headmaster, who were looking at her bits in shock. Then something happened what never ... ever had happen before ... the Headmaster winced, and then laughed.

The wand in Professor McGonagall's hand swirled in the direction of the two disgusting and loathsome men in a flash and she cursed them both. Before the two men could do anything, they were being changed into two large and fat pigs.

She hastened herself and passed the two squealing pigs and was on her way to her rooms.

Harry rolled over the ground in laughter, together with Neville while some students behind them in the common room were sniffing and chuckling, but others were only looking wearily at the hole in their tower.

Harry felt suddenly an elbow landing in his back. "Ow!" he yelled.

"You little boy," came a soft, low and sexy voice from behind him.

"Daphne, if you do this again, I swear that I get a heart attack," growled Harry, trying to rub his sore spot on his back. He heard the laugh again, and Harry turned around, but did not see any Daphne.

"Where are you, Daphne? Are you using an invisibility cloak?" Harry asked.

"Well, who would guess that a Gryffindor would be able to think and even show some form of intelligence?" Daphne's voice whispered. Suddenly Daphne's adorable face floated in front of Harry.

"Yeah ... well, we can't be all perfect, can't we?" smirked Harry.

"Well, my Gryffindor, our deal which was based on your first promise, but that is back where it was, because I see the redhead and beaver skin running around again," said Daphne with a smirk.

Harry grinned mischievously. "I tell you what," smirked Harry, grabbing her hand. "If I implement both promises within an hour, what do I get then?"

Daphne looked briefly undecided. "You get a bonus," she whispered huskily. Harry gulped and then looked at Daphne more serious. "A ... a bonus?" he asked.

"Yes, my dear Gryffindor," Daphne whispered. "You get a bonus ... one you will not easily forget," she said, breathing against his face, and the eyes of Harry widened.

"With such a promise I will overtake the world," Harry whispered and looked her in her amber eyes.

Loud squealing brought him back out of Harry's stupor and he looked annoyed at the large black pig. He waved his hand towards the pig. The pig squealed loudly like it was being slaughtered and ran as fast as its short legs could run and collapsed immediately against the other pig, blocking his path. The result was a heap of fighting pigs and an enormous squealing and screaming sound, attracting more students in the corridors.

"What did you do?" asked Daphne half mystified, half amused.

"I truly did nothing, I only waved my hands towards Mr. Snape-Pig," laughed Harry and was looking at the fighting pigs.

"Where is Headmaster Dumbledore," an authoritarian voice boomed through the corridors. Twenty Aurors were marching through the corridor where Harry's head of house had disappeared not so long time ago and Harry's face lit up in pleasure.

"There they are and my promise," he whispered at Daphne, and could not help to kiss the beautiful creature, the angel of his life and subject of her full attention.

Daphne did not move, and looked at him with shining eyes. "I don't give free credit, Potter," she replied just as softly, and kissed him on the lips. Harry grinned happily.

"Where is Dumbledore?" the first Auror yelled again.

Neville Longbottom was smiling hesitatingly and pointed to the heap of fighting pigs.

The Aurors reached the corridor where the pigs were fighting with each other with great noise, and a hole in the wall where a door suppose to be leading to the Gryffindor tower, and the head Auror was looking surprised at the chaos.

He pointed dismayed to the fighting pigs. "What is that and who did that?" he drawled in full authority. He probably thought that we made a prank, Harry thought amused and he looked briefly at Neville, who winked.

"That, Mr. Auror, are Professors Dumbledore and Snape," Neville announced loudly and pointed at the fighting, wailing and squealing pigs.

That had the attention of all Aurors and they were staring unbelievably at the fighting pigs.

"You have to be joking, don't you boy?" asked the Head Auror, looking Neville up and down.

Neville stood in all his full length in front of the Head Auror and looked affronted. "No Sir, the Head of the House Longbottom does not lie or tell jokes," he said stately.

The Head Auror looked shocked back at the pigs. "Well, have I ever ..." and he grabbed his wand and started to stun the pigs. The black pig was stunned immediately, but the pig with the strange white and gray hair could avoid the red beams and jumped in an amazing show of agility into the corridor where the Aurors came from and started to run as fast as possible.

*“Jackson and Daring, stay here and secure this pig, the rest ... **follow him**”* ordered the Head Auror, and promptly and started to run.

Aurors Jackson and Daring pointed their wands towards the stunned black pig and transfigured the pig back to Professor Snape, who was still unconscious. Both Aurors looked shocked at Snape and then at the gathered students in front of the hole of the Gryffindor tower.

“It’s true, that’s Snape,” said Auror Jackson. “Who could think of that??”

Auror Daring grinned and looked at the students. “Who did this master piece?” he asked the students.

“Professor McGonagall,” answered Neville.

Both Aurors looked dumbstruck. “You want to tell me that a professor did this?” both Aurors asked, looking extremely shocked.

“Yes, that was Professor McGonagall alright,” said Harry with a smirk.

“I thought that Hogwarts was a school, not a pigsty,” said Auror Jackson, looking at Snape puzzled. “I remembered the Professors from my time many years back ... they were never like this.”

Auror Daring looked unbelievably at the greasy professor. “This is so strange, the Headmaster as a pig, trying to escape the authorities, the Deputy Headmistress transfiguring her boss and colleague into pigs in front of students, big holes in the walls, students are member of illegal organizations ...” Auror Daring looked at his colleague. “Did I miss something?” he asked seriously.

“No, I think that is it,” answered Auror Jackson. “What a madhouse here, if they don’t look out, the whole thing called Hogwarts will collapse. If my children would study here, I would get them out as fast as possible.”

At that moment, Harry saw a little beetle zooming over the heads of the two Aurors, and immediately flying towards the corridor where the pig and the rest of the Aurors had disappeared, and he smirked. He

knew that tomorrow morning the news papers would have a field day with inside news about Hogwarts and their staff.

“What’s the matter, Harry?” asked a quiet voice next to him.

“I have another bet for you,” he whispered.

“What are the stakes?” Daphne breathed.

“When I win, I see you naked, when you win, you see me named,” he whispered.

It was quiet for a moment. “What’s the bet?”

“I bet that everything what happened just now is in the news papers tomorrow morning,” he said.

“That’s impossible,” she hissed. “And when are you going to tell it the news papers? You will never be on time and they also never will believe you,” whispered Daphne in his ear.

Harry grinned. “Well, you take the bet?” he asked.

“I bet that nothing of what happened here is in the news papers ... any news paper tomorrow morning,” she said.

“It’s a bet, and I plan on cashing in on the bet,” he whispered.

“So am I,” she breathed back. “But no kissing, no hand holding and no date before the two promises are being finished successfully.”

“Alright,” answered Harry. “Some patience and we are there.”

Neville was looking at him strangely and moved closer at Harry. “Are you talking to your self, Harry?” he asked.

Harry grinned. “No, I am talking to the most beautiful angel I have ever seen in my life,” he answered looking smug.

Neville looked confused around him. “I don’t see anything, Harry.”

“Because you don’t look good enough, Neville,” said Harry cheekily.

Neville stared at him for a moment, and laughed softly. "It might be in your head," he said, louder this time and he laughed. "But what ever makes your clock tick ..."

Harry smirked. "You will see," whispered Harry back.

"How was your summer, Harry? I understand that the Headmaster always locks you up with your relatives ... Do you have a girlfriend?" asked Neville, but Harry said nothing, he only grinned. But then Harry's eyes widened and looked surprised.

"Well ... uhm ... well ... I am working on it," he said with a smirk.

Soft laughter came from behind the two boys, and suddenly Neville understood. A person was nearby, probably in invisibility cloak or invisibility spell, and it also became clear why Harry was whispering.

Neville came closer at Harry. "Is it Ginny Weasley?" he asked.

"Who?" asked Harry puzzled.

"Your girlfriend," answered Neville.

Harry looked intently at Neville for some moments and he decided to come clean.

"You know what, Neville. Come tonight to the room of requirements and we talk, with my ... hopefully girlfriend," he said.

"**Ow!**" he yelled. Daphne hit his back again.

"Alright," Neville said. "I can't wait." And he smiled. "But why me and not Ron and Hermione?"

"Those idiots are betrayers," growled Harry. "... and they are going to get it. And not only that, I don't expect that they will be available tonight."

"What has happen to the Headmaster?" asked Neville.

"He is a pig," an amused female voice came from behind him.

“Let’s go to the Great Hall, because I expect there will be a lot of action over there,” said Harry, looking again at his watch and smirked.

Harry walked around Snape and the two Aurors into the corridor where the Aurors came from, closely followed by Neville. The Aurors looked up, but shook their shoulders.

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A gray and large pig was running through the corridors of Hogwarts in panic, closely followed by eighteen Aurors. Some of the Aurors were laughing, some others cursing, the Head Auror didn’t say a word, he was running as fast as he could, but the pig knew its way around the castle, and that was also not so strange, because the pig was nothing else then the Headmaster of this ... strange school ... or you could better call it mad house.

Peeves, the poltergeist was leaping down the corridors of Hogwarts ... as usual ... and looking for trouble wherever he could find any. Suddenly his attention was drawn by strange sounds ... sounds of ... squeaking and squealing of a ... **pig**? And some laughter and cursing and running footsteps ... sometimes he could hear the curses of people ... he knew by experience those were the words of power, the words to create curses. Not that Peeves would be impressed by those curses, because they could not harm him ... well ... except those of the Headmaster.

He felt that his honorable title, ‘The Indestructible Spirit of Chaos’ must be earned again, and he swooped into the direction of the noise. That sounds really interesting, and he decided to help the chaos a bit. He had a collection of water balloons ready, including hundred dung bombs and he was ready for the next round of chaos and fun.

Peeves was not tall, he was rather small, he loved his outlandish clothing, which included a bell-covered hat and an orange bow tie, and his wicked dark eyes were peeping under that said hat for new mischief. The noise came towards Peeves and he grinned wickedly. Let’s get the fun begin, he thought and laughed evilly. He took several water balloons in his hand and was ready to dumb the load on the unexpected victims ... he swooped again in anticipation.

The noise was very close now ... straight around the corner and Peeves looked thrilled. Then suddenly the most unlike creature ran around the corner in full speed and Peeves was so surprised, that he dropped the water balloons to the floor in a big explosion of water.

"What the hell was that?" Peeves shrieked in shock. The ugliest pig he ever had seen in his very long life was running straight under him. That pig was a mean looking piece of ... what ever it was ... it had hair all around its ugly face ... long and thin hair. Which pig had hair like that? And look at its arse ... such an ugly pig he had never seen before in his life. He was happy for the first time in his long live that he did not eat ... anything and especially not ... pig!

The pig was running like all the devils were chasing him, and Peeves recovered somewhat. He started to grin again, because of approaching voices ... and yes, a whole bunch of stupid humans appeared from behind the corner ... all of them wearing red cloaks and waving their stupid sticks where their magic came from. What a pity he did not have the water balloons anymore ... but he had the dung bombs! Immediately Peeves started to throw the dung bombs on the heads of the Aurors, who started to fire curses towards him.

Peeves knew that nothing could harm him, started to make obscure signs and farted and burped. The Aurors decided to continue hunting for Dumbledore the pig, and continued to run, but they did not see the wet floor, and the tallest Auror slipped and fell on the floor with his face down. Promptly the following Auror stepped on the leg of the Head Auror and he lost his balance and fell too. Very soon, eighteen Aurors were on the floor in a heap, with happy laughing Peeves hovering over their heads, dropping dung bombs on their heads.

The pig was running with everything it had through the corridors and hallways of Hogwarts. Sometimes it collapsed against a wall, one time it smashed against an open door, and one time a small person was in its way. The pig was not able to think, because it was in full panic mode. Its little round black eyes were wide open and it was squealing all the way it went. The pig, which was not really a pig, but the distinguished Headmaster of the famous Magical School Hogwarts, the finest Magical School in the world, was fighting to control the beast within him.

You see, when a human, like Dumbledore, was being transfigured into an animal, there would be two creatures fighting for dominance; the animal and the human. Unlike an animagus, who could change into an animal at will, a transfigured human has almost always dominant, except when extreme things happen, like being attacked. In such case, the animal would take over the symbiosis and act accordingly. In the case of Headmaster Dumbledore, who was running for his life, the animal took control.

The pig was running through the corridors until it came to a point, where the corridors split it self into five directions. The corridor straight ahead led into the Defence against the Dark Arts class room, which was nothing else then a small amphitheater. The two corridors to the right would lead to the sections where the teachers are living, and the last two corridors to the left would lead to the Headmaster office and several unused classrooms. Would the pig be controlled by a human, he would run into one of the corridors, but the pig was controlled by the pig itself, so it continued running straight ahead, squealing and all.

The new assigned DADA teacher for this school year, a certain retired Auror Mrs. Rednicker, had prepared her classroom for the lessons for the next day, and the first subject of her lesson that day would be magical traps. She installed as preparations for the first three classes that day several magical ambushes to see how the students would be able to detect and how to get out of the ambushes by working together as a group.

The pig charged full speed into the classroom, and promptly activated the first trap it encountered ... invisible magical bindings grabbed its back paws and pulled the pig up ... the screaming, whaling and squealing pig was hanging high up near the ceiling of the DADA classroom.

Because of the terrible sound, Professors Sinistra, Sprout and Vector came running into the DADA classroom to investigate what was going on.

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Harry, Neville and a hidden Daphne were waiting in the Great Hall for the things to come. Neville was sniggering. He never could imagine that he saw his least favorite teacher Snape being changed into a pig.

“That was the best sight I have ever seen, that black haired greasy bastard changed into a pig ... and a black pig as well. I love Professor McGonagall, she is really a mistress of transfigurations,” said Neville. “I think I want to borrow a pensive, because those memories need to be shared with the whole world.”

Harry sniggered as well. “I personally liked the pig what was once the Headmaster, because it suits him very well,” he said.

Daphne was still under her invisibility cloak and could not help to smile at the memory of the two teachers changed into pigs. They were so big! She never realized that pigs could be so big. The only time she saw a real pig was ...

The doors of the Great Hall banged open and the trio looked wearily who was entering Hogwarts in such fashion. Madam Bones marched into the Great hall, followed with a large group of Aurors and several wizards and witches. Daphne recognized several of them who were members of the Wizengamot, and she started to grin. It seems that the Harry’s lawyer was making overtime.

Madam Bones saw immediately the two students. “*What are you doing here at this hour in the Great Hall, and where is the Headmaster?*” she yelled with great authority.

Harry was looking at the large group of wizards and witches approaching, until he discovered his lawyer, Mr. Greenpit, walking next to Madam Bones. Mr. Greenpit smiled at Harry, and looked briefly at Madam Bones. Harry understood that as Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, she was here at Hogwarts doing a certain job, which was orchestrated beforehand by Harry and his lawyer Mr. Greenpit and his legal team, and he knew that now his final phase of the Hogwarts show to be played out.

“Never mind,” said Madam Bones, and she turned to her Aurors.

She started to give orders to her Aurors to secure the strategically points, to get the Deputy Headmistress, search for the Weasley's and the Headmaster. The Aurors were soon running through the castle following their orders.

Mr. Greenpit joined Harry and Neville and came close to Harry. "The Weasley family escaped their home via the Floo to Hogwarts when the Aurors came to bring them in for questioning about the money they had received," whispered Mr. Greenpit in Harry's ear.

Harry smirked.

"Thank you, Mr. Greenpit. A job excellent done," said Harry smirking. "That means that we will witness the whole thing in front of our own eyes, it could not be better. I think you and your team disserved a big bonus."

Mr. Greenpit smiled momentarily and bowed contemptuously at Harry. "Only the best, Mr. Potter," he said with a vague smile on his face. "Only the best what your money can buy."

Neville looked strangely at Harry and his lawyer, but said nothing. Daphne removed her invisibility cloak and smiled avidly at Harry. Mr. Greenpit saw Ms. Greengrass appearing out of thin air, but there was not any visible reaction from the old lawyer. He saw it all, appearing and disappearing customers straight in front of his eyes, and much stranger and shocking behavior of his customers in his long career as lawyer and investigator.

Madam Bones and the members of the Wizengamot were in the mean time sitting at the tables of Gryffindor, waiting for the Aurors to do their duty. Very soon, a very irritated and angry looking Professor Minerva McGonagall, the Deputy Headmistress of Hogwarts, entered the Great Hall, accompanied by two Aurors. This time she was not wearing her cloak, but she was fully dressed in the clothing of a Professor of Hogwarts.

When she saw the three students standing in the middle of the Great Hall, she opened her mouth to give a sharp reprimand and to demand what they were doing here in the middle of the night, when she saw the group of people sitting at the table of her house, and she

immediately recognized Madam Bones and members of the Wizengamot. Her eyebrows went up immediately and decided that the students could wait for the moment. She walked towards Madam Bones and company.

“What can I do for you, Madam Bones?” she asked with a piercing voice.

Madam Bones stood up from her place at the table and looked sternly at Professor McGonagall.

“Professor McGonagall,” Madam Bones said icily and paused in the sake for a more dramatic effect and to show the Professor who was in charge here at the moment. “I am here for several reasons, and one of them is to arrest Professor Dumbledore, I have a warrant for arrest for two students, and there seems also to be a problem of certain people who flew through Floo into Hogwarts, escaping justice,” she said.

Professor McGonagall gasped.

Before Professor McGonagall could ask more questions, a large group of people entered the Great Hall. Many Aurors, a screaming pig, a group of red haired people and one bushy haired witch entered the Great Hall. The pig was squealing loudly and floated high above the group into the air. The group of red headed people was in chains together with the bushy haired witch and they all approached the table with Madam Bones.

Professor McGonagall paled when she saw the group and turned quickly to Madam Bones.

“What is the meaning of this, Madam Bones?” she asked dumbfounded.

“They are all under arrest, Professor McGonagall,” Madam Bones said with an indistinct smile on her face. She turned to the Head Auror and pointed to the floating squealing and whaling pig.

“What is that, Senior Auror Whitney?” she asked. Arresting pigs would be potentially damaging for her and her department, especially with all the members of the Wizengamot present.

“*That* - is a pig, Director,” the Head Auror said with a grin. “More precisely, it is Professor Dumbledore ... but transfigured,” added the Head Auror immediately. “It seems that a certain teacher here in this circus Hogwarts made a transfiguration of its Headmaster into a pig, and nobody of our team can release the transfiguration from the Headmaster,” he continued.

Madam Bones looked more closely at the Aurors. “What is that smell, Senior Auror Whitney?”

The Head Auror looked uneasy for a moment. “We were attacked by a Poltergeist, Director,” he said with a low rolling voice.

“Ah, Peeves, it’s a long time I have seen this nuisance,” said one of the Wizengamot members with a grim smile.

Madam Bones looked disturbed for a moment at the Wizengamot member, and turned to her Head Auror.

“Which professor transfigured the Headmaster into a pig?” she asked surprised.

“That would be Professor McGonagall,” the Head Auror answered with a smirk.

Madam Bones turned dumbstruck at the Professor. “Minerva?”

Professor McGonagall flustered.

“Why?” asked Madam Bones.

“They were ogling me,” Professor McGonagall murmured.

“Ogling you?” asked Madam Bones surprised. “*Ogling you?*”

“Well, yes Amelia. I’m also a woman, you know,” sniffed Professor McGonagall, and Harry snorted. “With corset,” he murmured loudly. “And at least fifty years out of fashion,” helped Daphne.

Professor McGonagall turned at the students. “*What*, in Merlin’s name, *are you three doing here in the middle of the night in the Great Hall out of your bed*,” she said sharply, burning eyes on the three students.

“Well, Professor McGonagall. Because of a huge hole in the Gryffindor tower, and two transfigured teachers in front of it, we could not sleep,” answered Harry with a smirk on his face.

Before Professor McGonagall could retort, Mr. Greenpit, Harry’s lawyer interfered. “And because my client, Mr. Potter here, has some business at the moment,” he said sternly, staring at Professor McGonagall daring her to say something against his client. She was not unattractive for a woman of her age, he thought with a smile, but wearing a corset?

“Professor McGonagall, could you be so friendly to transfigure the Headmaster back into his human form, please? I hate to have a pig occupying my clean holding cells at the Ministry,” asked the amused Madam Bones. My, my, Minerva, so much action at your age, who could imagine that, and not with one man, but two, she thought amused and she could not help then to grin.

Professor McGonagall huffed, but took her wand and pointed it at the floating pig, and transfigured it back into the Headmaster. Immediately the squealing sound changed into the screaming and cursing of a human voice.

“***Your mother fuckers, arseholes, I will kill you all ...***” screamed the floating Headmaster of Hogwarts, when he suddenly realized that he could hear his human voice and was quiet instantly. His face was red in resentment; his eyes were alight of the intensity of his anger and annoyance. One of the Aurors released his spell, and before the Headmaster could react, he fell immediately ... with wild wielding arms and legs, straight on his behind on the floor.

“***Oompffff***” he exclaimed when he made contact with the floor.

“Headmaster, what is the meaning of all this chaos,” asked an irate Wizengamot member, who was standing and huffing behind the Gryffindor table. “I never heard of such mismanagement of any Ministerial institution in my life ... and such language!” he exclaimed. The man turned to the Head Auror.

“Did I understand it correctly, there are holes in the Gryffindor tower?” he asked with authority.

“Yes, Master Mardoes,” answered the Head Auror. “There are several holes in the Gryffindor tower, and the whole foreside of the Headmaster office is blown apart, the Dada classroom is full of magical traps, which will harm any student entering the classroom.” he reported satisfied. It took him ages to release his Aurors from the magical traps and to release several professors hanging on the ceiling.

“I made my point,” huffed Master Mardoes. “The current Headmaster Dumbledore is not able to manage an institution like Hogwarts anymore, and with the accusations of embezzlement, kidnapping, and performing illegal legimency on students to boot, I would say that we imprison him until his trial starts.”

Madam Bones turned to the sitting Headmaster.

“Headmaster Dumbledore, you are under arrest of fraud, embezzlement, kidnapping of a minor, attempted manslaughter, breach of privacy, performing legimency without license on students, and member of an illegal organization with the name Order of the Phoenix, aka birds club,” she said formally.

Dumbledore paled, and Professor McGonagall gasped, the members of the Wizengamot looked grim. Two of the three students were grunting their content.

All heads turned to the students, but Harry smirked.

“What do you have to do with this?” snarled Professor McGonagall at Harry.

“Well, dear **Headmistress**, he –“and Harry pointed to the pale Dumbledore,” – stole from my vaults at Gringotts for many years, he forged legal documents to ‘prove’ that he was my caretaker to Gringotts and the Ministry, falsified the last Will of my parents, he forced me to go to Privet drive against my will, where I was abused and he knew it, used his birds club to keep me there imprisoned, performed illegal legimency without license for many times on me and other students at Hogwarts, I think it is time that he pays for the consequences for his actions, don’t you think?”

“And not only that,” said Mr. Greenpit vigorously. “My client, Mr. Potter here, seemed to be victim of an illegal magical contract, which was performed by Mr. Dumbledore when my client was eleven years old and started to attend Hogwarts. The magical contract forces my client to stay at Hogwarts until his magical education is finished. The only way to end this illegal contract is or to finish my client’s education at Hogwarts, or he would be expelled by its headmaster,” ended Mr. Greenpit.

Everyone looked shocked at Dumbledore, who was looking crushed.

“You see, such contract is forbidden by decree from the Wizengamot since 1546, where it was once very common to apply such contract for children of wealthy families to force them to finish their education,” continued Mr. Greenpit with a grim expression on his face.

“Only the implementation of this heavily illegal contract on a minor will place him for thirty years in prison,” ended Mr. Greenpit satisfied, glaring at Dumbledore.

Professor McGonagall looked terrible upset; she had her hands in front of her mouth and looked angrily at Dumbledore.

“*Oh Albus, how could you?*” she yelled disappointed.

Mr. Greenpit turned to the Weasley’s with a vicious look on his face.

“And the Weasley family, in particular Mr. Arthur Weasley, Mrs. Molly Weasley, and Mr. Bill Weasley are being accused of embezzlement, member of an illegal organization and fraud,” Mr. Greenpit said in satisfaction. “I never met a family, who could steal from a little

innocent and harmless eleven year old boy,” he said. “I think that I and my client want to see justice done against such dishonorable members of the magical community. They are a disgrace!”

Everyone was quiet after the emotional speech of Mr. Greenpit.

“Mr. Ron Weasley and Ms. Hermione Granger, you are accused of embezzlement, attempted manslaughter, breach of privacy and being member of an illegal organization,” continued Mr. Greenpit. “You have received money for years from the vaults of my client Mr. Potter; you have performed service for the Headmaster Dumbledore against my client by spying on him for money and you have manipulated my client to act in certain situations, and you were part of a scheme to erase my client’s memories against his will ... for many times.”

Hermione fainted on the spot.

Madam Bones had enough of the show. “Lead them away,” she ordered her Head Auror.

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A/N: The editor for this story is Dave

A/N: Next chapter is the last one ... as I have promised. It will be a long chapter, and the weekend is still not over.

Chapter 3

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A/N: This is the last chapter of the lot. I wrote this short story only because I needed a break from writing 'The Heritage'. The purpose was writing a story about bashing everyone around Harry in one weekend and with three chapters and about 15,000 words. The first two chapters went alright, but the last chapter was not; I became sick during writing and Dave, my editor became sick as well. Anyhow, here is the last chapter and have fun.

A/N: Editor for this chapter is **Dave**

A/N: Scene of last chapter:

"Mr. Ron Weasley and Ms. Hermione Granger, you are accused of embezzlement, attempted manslaughter, breach of privacy and being member of an illegal organization," continued Mr. Greenpit. "You have received money for years from the vaults of my client Mr. Potter; you have performed service for the Headmaster Dumbledore against my client by spying on him for money and you have manipulated my client to act in certain situations, and you were part of a scheme to erase my client's memories against his will ... for many times."

Hermione fainted on the spot.

Madam Bones had enough of the show. "Take them away," she ordered her Head Auror.

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"Maybe you see it totally wrong, Harry. Maybe the Dark Lord you are talking about is not the Dark Lord as we all know, but it might be someone else, like Dumbledore," said Daphne. "The Prophecy is clear about that fact that a person is been chosen who seems to be you, because of the multiple references that points to you and Neville, but the Dark Lord is only mentioned by its title. And in my opinion, the behavior of Dumbledore is nothing else then short of a Dark Lord him self. The only difference is that Dumbledore shows a friendly face and

claims that he is a light wizard, or the Wizard of the Light or what ever nonsense he is spitting out.”

Harry did not look strange, but Neville did. He was shocked at what he heard.

“How in Merlin’s name can you think that?” he asked flabbergasted. “How would that be possible that ...”

“**Stop!**” cried Harry, pointing to the cloud of owls flying in the Great Hall towards all students. “That’s much more important,” Harry said and looked smugly at the approaching owls.

Neville looked confused at Harry. “What is more important? You mean mail is more important then ...”

“No, no, you don’t understand, Neville. When I am right, and the stuff from yesterday evening and night is in the news papers, then ...” and Harry looked at Daphne in glee.

The owl with the Daily Prophet landed on the table and held out its paw to Harry. Harry unbound the news paper and gave it water, food and money and he opened the news paper in a way, that Neville and Daphne could not look at the first page ... the title page.

For several seconds Harry was holding the page between him and Daphne and then...

“**Yoopy!**” he exclaimed. “I won that bet, Daphne, let’s go ... I want to see them immediately!”

“You want to tell me that seeing my bits are more important then the approaching titan battle between the most powerful wizards fighting over the faith of the world?” asked Daphne slowly with an unreadable expression on her face.

“Eh ... yes?” grinned Harry cheekily.

Daphne glared at Harry for several seconds ... well ... almost a minute. The tension went up, and Neville moved more to the side of

the bench he was sitting on ... you never know, this crazy pair of love birds might start shooting at each other.

"Good answer, Mr. Potter," she said with a sudden smile.

Harry smiled relieved ... for a moment he thought that Daphne would do something very bad to him. He was not afraid of anybody, whoever he or she was, Voldemort or Dumbledore or both of them, but this girl could creep under his skin. He sighed contently. Maybe this day would be very interesting.

"I want to remind you of your promises and I have successfully kept my promises," said Harry with a smile.

Daphne smiled sweetly and nodded at him. "What does the Daily Prophet say, my little warrior?"

Harry smiled at the nickname for him and pointed to the newspaper. "Read it your self," Harry said satisfied. "I assume that everything what happened yesterday is reported by a certain journalist."

"How is that possible?" asked Daphne mystified, while she took the news paper and looked over the first page with screaming headlines that Dumbledore was arrested for stealing money from the Potter's vaults.

Harry laughed. "Because the journalist I am talking about has the ability to be everywhere unnoticed and I was the only one who *did* notice her," Harry said happily. "And she made me win my bet, so she is in my good graces at the moment."

Daphne laughed and focused her attention to the news paper.

"You met each other during the summer, I assume?" asked Neville, sitting at a more distant location as he sat before.

Harry grinned. "You can say that," he said.

"Tell me," said Neville.

Harry looked pensively at Neville for a moment and he nodded. "Alright, I guess it is not a secret what I did this summer." Harry looked briefly at Daphne, who only nodded, smiled and continued with reading her news paper, looking pleased and amused with what she was reading.

"Well, it started all with my yearly arrival at my prison, which is called Privet Drive," said Harry. "When I had arrived there, I was being hit and kicked by my uncle, because I am guilty of being a wizard and ..." Harry stopped and frowned at Professor McGonagall, who was standing several meters from their location at the Gryffindor table.

"Well, Mr. Potter, the lessons are being canceled for the day, and I love to hear your story as well," she said.

Harry looked with an unreadable expression on his face at the old Professor, and sighed.

"Well, Professor McGonagall ... no ... you are Headmistress McGonagall now, aren't you?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Well, Headmistress McGonagall, you have also something coming for you," said Harry calmly. "You will not be able to avoid that!"

McGonagall shook her shoulders. "What comes, what happens. There is nothing what I can do about it, but I did not do anything which harmed you, Mr. Potter. So, I do not have a bad conscience like the Headmaster and others, but I do have a problem of damaged property," she said sternly.

"Well, Headmistress McGonagall, you are the only person who can help me," grinned Harry. "You see, I am under a magical contract, which forces me to finish my education, while I have that education already and it is not necessary anymore to stay at Hogwarts. It is even dangerous to stay here, because there are too many people here who are planning for my death, Headmistress. Unless you are expelling me from Hogwarts, I will not be free and I continue to be in danger and I need to try to spend two years on absolute boredom," ended Harry and looked expectantly at McGonagall.

"I can't let you go, Mr. Potter, if that is what you want. You are underage, and have not completed any education in the magical world," said the Headmistress slowly.

"In that case, I am going to leave this place one way or the other until or I finish my education, or I get expelled, or I break down this place of 'learning' until nothing is left of it ..." Harry smirked. "Or what ever comes first," he said satisfied at the shocking faces around him and started to laugh. Everyone looked shocked or displeased, except for Daphne, who was still focused on her newspaper like nothing was wrong.

Harry pointed his arm at the head table, but said or did nothing further.

"I refuse to believe that you know everything what Hogwarts has to offer you as magical education for two years," Headmistress McGonagall said harshly, ignoring the - what she thought were unfounded – threats.

Harry grinned ... his arm was still pointing at the head table.

"Watch and learn," he said. A pale beam of magical energy burst from Harry's arm and traveled towards the long head table. The table was instantly changed into a large crocodile. The professors, sitting at the table screamed and yelled in fear and surprise, some of the professors fell from their chairs in terror and shock, while Hagrid was yapping in pleasure to see a real ten meters large dangerous looking crocodile, where once was a table. Dishes, cups, bottles and food fell on the crocodile and the large reptile opened its mouth to demonstrate to the world its displeasure.

Before the large reptile could prove how displeased it was by grabbing a good looking backside of a professor, the crocodile was being transfigured into a large oak and massive heavy looking table. Then the table changed into a life sized chessboard, and that changed into an elephant, which produced yells of pleasure of Hagrid, and that changed into a huge teapot and that changed into a large tree, and that changed into a pond with rocks and running water, and that changed back into the head table as it was, complete with the dishes, silverware, bottles and food.

Harry looked pointedly at the shocked and unbelieving Headmistress.

"Everything started with me wanting to have a date," Harry said and Daphne snorted.

"*Date?*" asked Neville unbelievably.

"Don't you believe me, Neville?" asked Harry cheekily.

Neville looked at Harry for some moments. "A date ... like a ... having a girlfriend? No, I don't," he said smiling now.

"Well, as unbelievably it sounds, it is the truth," Harry said.

Neville snorted.

"After my dear, loving relatives locked me up in my little jot of something what you might vaguely describe as a room ... which is here called a broom closet, I was thinking about my life and what happened with me all these years. After two minutes of thinking, I started to repeat myself, so I came to the conclusion that I needed a girlfriend," said Harry.

Many Gryffindors saw Harry and the Mistress talking with each other, and they saw the demonstration of his knowledge of transfigurations, they decided to listen in, and they all grouped together to listen to the story.

Daphne snorted, looked briefly over the newspaper, smiled innocently, and continued reading. The Headmistress looked unbelievably at the reading Daphne, then back to Harry.

"Please continue, Mr. Potter," she said.

"Well, I was thinking about which girl to approach with the question if she wanted to become my girlfriend and I ended up with only one person who could possibly be interested in such relationship, and that was Miss Greengrass, aka the Ice Queen," said Harry.

Nobody said a word at that, and Harry looked surprised around him, and raised his eyebrows.

“Why in Merlin’s name did you think that a girlfriend could help you in any way?” asked Neville.

Harry smiled bitterly. “From all my friends, none of them would be close to me. I could talk with Ron about mundane things, but his depth was that of a teaspoon, I could talk with Hermione about anything I want, but she has the tendency to berate me about anything I do. Ginny Weasley would be nice, but she was more protected than the crown jewels of the Queen, then we have the twins, who had no ability to speak one serious word what so ever. Please tell me who could help me in any way?” asked Harry.

Nobody said a word.

“Then we have Lupin, but he is an adult, what does he know and understand? And then we have Dumbledore, the man I don’t trust at all with anything, and then we have several people I know from school, like you, Neville, but you are not a close friend. And then we have Cho, but by default she would be crying and she had moved on as well. So I decided to look for a girlfriend, and I found one ... or better promised to me as such, and that was the best thing ever happened to me,” said Harry. Daphne looked over her newspaper and smiled warmly.

“After I owled her, I did not expect to receive a reaction, but to my surprise the next day I got visitors. Two attractive girls rang the bell at Privet Drive, and they were Adore and Petunia Greengrass, who wanted to see me.”

Harry paused for a moment, his thoughts far away and a vague smile on his face.

“They came back again, but at night and under invisibility cloaks and we escaped without the Order discovering my absence. My cursed relatives did not care, and they were even happy I was not in their home anymore and they truly didn’t want me to stay, so they shut up and said nothing to the Order. Those idiots of the Order were guarding an empty house, because the Dursley’s left soon after my leaving to go on vacation.”

The Headmistress looked surprised at Harry, her eyebrows up, but said nothing further.

Harry smirked at her reaction, because he knew that she was one of the guards around Privet Drive this summer.

“Daphne’s sisters took me to their manor and I was introduced to her family. Daphne has three sisters and her mother, her father died years ago, and I was offered a room and a talk with her mother. To make things short, the deal we made was that I was allowed to befriend Daphne, but I must do my part as the only male in that family, and if something would come out of it, and I would marry her, I would take over the part of Head of Family of the Greengrass family and protect it with everything I have and am. That promise I made with pleasure. “

The Headmistress was looking pensive, and she nodded again.

Merlin, the only thing people are doing here is nodding, thought Harry.

“The first thing what the Greengrass family did was introducing me to their weapon makers. The Greengrass family had a way to implant weapons in a body of a man or woman, as long as they would be powerful enough, magical wise. I was powerful enough, and they implanted the wand ring in my arms and other places. A wand ring is a bracelet built from small thin wands, which are connected together. Instead of using my own wand, I use each wand on the bracelet, and that makes my spell work much more powerful, and it gives the idea that I do wandless magic.”

“Show me,” asked the Headmistress.

Harry smirked. “No, I don’t think so,” said Harry. “The thing is that after practicing with the wand rings, I let them embed the wand rings in my arms and other places. Nobody sees any wand ring or bracelet or what ever, they are now located somewhere in my bones. “

“I never heard about this,” said Neville skeptically.

“Actually, certain tribes in Africa use the same thing, the wand ring that is, and they are quite successfully doing so. Certain hit wizards

have wand rings as well, but those people are rare because their magical cores must be very powerful enough to handle such wand ring,” said Luna suddenly.

Harry smirked. “That’s right. If for any reason my magical powers would go down, I would end up as a squib,” Harry said. “The cores of the wand ring is similar as that of a staff, it is only built differently.”

“A staff,” repeated Neville. “So it is nothing else then a staff, but in an alternative form?”

“Something like that,” said Harry.

“And how did you get the Headmaster and the Weasley’s arrested?” asked Lavender Brown.

Harry smirked. “That was only after looking around in the Greengrass manor, that I realized that I needed to hire a lawyer, and I hired the Greengrass family lawyer for that. He is also the most expensive lawyer that money could buy, but it is worth it. He managed to get me emancipated, to let me receive my heritages from my parents and my late god-father, to consolidate my properties and fortunes and to reinvest everything, which was mismanaged by Dumbledore and to repair the damage he had done with me and my fortunes. I also hired an army of detectives, who started to investigate anyone of interest, including the Minister of Magic, and of course Dumbledore and some others. “

“Then I discovered that ...”

“**Mr. Potter,**” an unfriendly and harsh voice sounded from behind Harry. “*I forbid you to have contact with Ms. Greengrass.*”

Harry did not turn around, but continued to look at Neville. “Snape, I hoped that being transfigured into a pig would teach you a lesson, but it seemed that I was wrong about that,” Harry growled and waited for the things to come.

Harry felt that Snape was pointing his wand at his back. He suspected that Snape was standing two meters behind him, and he looked briefly at the Headmistress. To his surprise, Headmistress

McGonagall did not say a word, she was only measuring him up and she probably let Snape do his thing. Harry started to smile sardonically. She will regret that. He could not help but to feel utterly betrayed again. He thought that the Headmistress at least could treat him better than the Headmaster had in the past.

Slowly Harry stood up from his bench, and he felt the tip of Snape's wand pressing in his back. Harry started to turn, but the wand tip pressed harder in his back.

"Don't you turn around, Potter, otherwise a reductor curse would blow a very satisfying hole straight into your miserable back," Snape snarled.

Immediately Harry kicked his foot backward, and hit something soft, and he heard the body of Snape hitting the floor. Harry turned around and pointed his hand towards Snape and cursed the man ... he changed into a pink French Poodle and he grinned. The Poodle immediately curled up ... obviously still in pain because of Harry's foot between his legs.

"No!" yelled McGonagall, but she was already too late. She pulled her wand, and at the same time Harry pointed his finger at the Headmistress, but she ignored it, and murmured the incantation to transfigure Poodle back to Snape. But nothing happened and she looked irritated at Harry.

"Why can't I transfigure him back, Mr. Potter?" demanded the Headmistress.

"Because you are nothing else than a squib compared with me, you twit!" exclaimed Harry. *"You are not worthy to be called a witch, and we won't talk about you as a Headmistress,"* growled Harry. He had seen betrayal before, but he was astonished that McGonagall would have the guts to betray him as well. Making an enemy out of him would not take that much of an effort, but to correct the situation was something different.

The Headmistress McGonagall became red instantly, and all Gryffindors at the table bounced back as quickly as they could.

"I am not going to give you the satisfaction of being expelled, Mr. Potter," roared McGonagall. "But you have detention until the end of your tenure at Hogwarts."

Harry almost giggled. "I don't think so, Headmistress McGonagall, and I call you out to enforce your little shitty games you call detention," Harry drawled.

Daphne was still reading the newspaper, like nothing had happened, and she was also the only one sitting at the table.

Harry scanned over the Gryffindors around him, and he discovered the sad looking twins and Ginny Weasley.

"Hey, Weasley," Harry yelled at Ginny, and he waved her over. Hesitatingly she came closer and looked at him questionably.

"You redheads," yelled Harry towards the twins. *"If you want to defend the honor of your sister, then you better come closer, otherwise you will miss out."*

Reluctantly the twins approached.

"What do you want, Potter," one of the twins drawled, but Harry ignored the twins for now, he focused on the red headed girl.

"Ginny, I think that I will accept *you* as payment for all the money your parents stole from me," said Harry with a grin.

Ginny frowned not understanding what Harry meant.

Harry sighed. "Your parents are in a holding cell at the Ministry, and they need to pay every penny back of what they have stolen from me. Rather than giving back the money, I want you to be my personal slave," Harry said slowly and waiting for the redheaded bombs to go off.

Gasps could be heard all around Harry and the redheads.

The pink French Poodle started to bark, and ran towards Harry, obviously intending to bite him. Harry stunned the French poodle and kicked it with a large grin on his face.

“For your information, Headmistress Gone and All, the slimy ex-professor Snake is permanently transfigured into a poodle, and you do not have enough magical power to undo it, nor to transfigure the poodle into something else,” smirked Harry. “Do you want that I transfigure you in a parrot?” asked Harry innocently. “Or maybe in a chicken?”

Harry could see that the rage in the Headmistress was fighting within her to be released and he hoped that would be the case.

“Are you aware that you just broke the law, Mr. Potter? I can get you arrested for this little joke of yours,” drawled the Headmistress.

“Arrested on what grounds, Headmistress?” asked Harry sweetly. Daphne looked disturbed up from her newspaper.

“You broke the law by permanently transfigure a teacher, Mr. Potter,” answered the Headmistress icily.

“Aha, I see,” said Harry thoughtfully. “I assume transfiguring the slimy bastard back does not help, because you will use my threats against the castle to get me in trouble with the authorities anyhow, isn’t it?”

Harry smiled. “Never mind. My power is greater than that of Dumbledore and Voldemort together, and you are forcing me making a decision. If I transfigure Snape back to his pretty self, then you and him will continue to restrict, to overwhelm or to take me out for the good of the world and only for my protection or whatever your reasons are, Headmistress.”

The Headmistress stiffed somewhat, but said further nothing, and Harry could feel that she was very tense at the moment.

“On the other side, I could push the issue, which means that you are forced to go to the Authorities, and that means that I am going to fight them. I will easily overcome what ever they throw at me, and when they manage to annoy me, I will come to the Ministry and finish it,

clear and simple ... and then I am coming back at Hogwarts and I will finish you personally, Headmistress," Harry smirked.

Now the Headmistress stiffened very clearly and she opened her mouth to say something, but she was stopped by Harry's hand.

"One moment, Headmistress, I'm not finished, yet," said Harry amused and waited for several seconds to see what she would do.

"Another option I could consider is starting the fight here and now, and breaking down this stuffy place to the ground. Let me give you a short demonstration of what I have in mind, and I let you chose," said Harry.

He twisted his right hand.

BOOOOOOOOOM

The main doors of the Great Hall of Hogwarts castle burst into dust in a huge outward explosion, taking the wall around the large doors with it, causing a huge hole to appear. Dust was everywhere, but if you would look more carefully, you could see a faint outline of the moon at the horizon above the Forbidden Forest.

People in the Great Hall shrieked in panic, fear and shock and some of the first- and second years started to cry or run towards the head table where almost all teachers were sitting or standing in shock and confusion.

Harry could see for the first time fear in the eyes of the Headmistress. She stared at Harry, then at the hole where once the large doors were leading to the outside of the castle.

Harry grinned. "This is only a small demonstration, Headmistress. If you think that I am talking way over my station, I can remove the Gryffindor tower from the castle?" Harry said with a grin.

The Headmistress looked furious at Harry.

"Be wary of your reaction," growled Harry with a low voice, his magic radiating from him in waves. "If you react wrongly on this potential

violent situation, you will lose everything, including the castle, and the fight against Voldemort!”

“You have turned dark,” was the only thing she said.

Harry smiled widely. “If I would be dark, you would be food for the worms at the moment,” said Harry in a light tone, and looked thoughtfully to the panicked first years.

Then Harry looked intently at the newly created hole in the outside wall and he pointed his right arm. In front of all the people in the Great Hall, the wall started to repair it self. Within five seconds the wall was on its place and the door was repaired like never had anything happened to it.

Harry turned back to the Headmistress. “Now you are going to tell me what **your** choice is, old woman,” said Harry and he prepared himself to wait for some time.

“How did you destroy and repair the wall?” the Headmistress asked.

“Pure magical power, old woman ... no spell involved, only magical energy,” Harry said calmly, almost bored.

The Headmistress paled. It was clear that the Headmaster was never able to do that. She never heard from anyone who was able to do the same, even with accidental magic this would be impossible. And repairing such damage could not be done in conventional ways of magic, it was simply impossible to do that.

“I want to get my potion master back, and we continue as we did,” the Headmistress said.

“Not good enough,” murmured Harry.

The Headmistress raised an eyebrow. “And what do you suggest, Mr. Potter?”

Harry smirked, but said nothing. He stretched his long legs and looked at a worried looking Daphne, and his expression on his face

changed instantly ... a warm smile appeared and Daphne smiled warmly back.

"Well, I give you my word that there will be no further actions being taken against you," the Headmistress said.

"Not your word, but an oath," Harry said. "This is the same for your slimy git the potion master."

"He will never do that," the Mistress said.

"In that case he will stay a pink Poodle. I think I keep him with me as my pet," he smirked.

"What do you want to do with the Weasley's?" the Headmistress asked.

"What do you mean?" asked Harry puzzled.

The Weasley's will be destroyed, because they never will be able to pay everything back what they had received from Headmaster Dumbledore," answered the Headmistress tensely.

"You mean the ex-headmaster, Headmistress. No, they can give me Ginny as payment. If not, then I am afraid that they will be always in my debt, and they will pay me back every penny, including the interest of the money they own me," said Harry with an even tone.

The Headmistress stared at Harry for a moment, then at Ginny. The twins did not say a word.

"What do you think, Ms. Weasley?" asked the Headmistress gently.

"I accept," Ginny said determinedly.

"You heard him, you will be his personal slave?" she asked aghast.

"Yes, I know, but if it helps my family and ... I personally don't mind," she answered meekly.

"You don't mind," repeated the Headmistress bewildered.

"No, I don't mind," repeated Ginny as well, and looked shyly at Harry. "I'm yours to take," she said and blushed heavenly.

Neville looked incredible at Harry. "Harry, you have a girlfriend, and taking Ginny as slave is ... is ... extreme!"

Harry nodded slowly and looked at Daphne, who was staring at him over the newspaper.

Harry raised one eyebrow and looked questionable at her.

After a moment Daphne laid down her newspaper and sighed.

"It is really your business, Harry. You are the one who must decide. On one side taking Ginny here as a slave is more humane than what is going to happen with the Weasley's, on the other side taking a slave is inhumane as well, especially for Ginny herself, for you and in extension for me too," Daphne said.

"What do you mean taking a slave is more humane and what is going to happen with the Weasley's?" asked Neville confused.

Daphne looked sad. "If you kill an Auror, then they lock you up in Azkaban for certain years, but they leave your family intact, because you performed the crime. If you steal money from a person like Harry or an institution like Ministry of Magic or Gringotts, then you and your family are suffering. If they don't get all the money back with interest and huge fines, they will take everything you have, and in several cases the children or wife or both. In this case Ginny volunteers, and the Authorities will always choose for that, and the debt will be resolved ... when Harry agrees with it. If she will not volunteer, the family will be even dismantled; every penny what the family earns will go to Harry until everything is paid back, but the interest rates are murderous ... about thirty or forty percent."

Neville was looking shocked at Harry, then to Ginny.

"Oh Merlin," he murmured, and looked thoughtfully for some moments.

"How much money are we talking about, Harry?" asked Neville.

“Millions, Neville, many millions of Galleons,” said Harry softly. All eyes widened in shock and surprise.

“What did they do with it?” asked a shocked Neville.

“They gave money to Bill and Charlie to start their lives, they paid for all education at Hogwarts, they paid back several loans with the Goblins and others, they used part of that money to repair the Burrow, and the rest they have in a vault at Gringotts,” answered Harry immediately.

“How do you know that?” asked one of the twins.

Harry smiled sadly. “Your father earns about two thousand Galleons per month before tax, and has left over about seventeen hundred Galleons. A magical education at Hogwarts cost four thousand Galleons per year, exclusive of study material ... which makes it about five thousand Galleons. Hogwarts does not have a scholarship plan for families, only individuals, and the Weasley family earns enough money for one child at Hogwarts, but not four at the same time, like when Percy, the twins and Ron were at school at the same time.”

Harry looked at the twin intently. “I know everything about your family and the finances, because there are people who investigated every detail of your family, before they were arrested. “

Everyone was quiet.

“With the costs of Hogwarts being paid by the money they had stolen from me, they can live without hunger and financial problems, except that they could not use it fully, because people might wonder where all the money is coming from. That is the reason why you guys still have second hand things,” said Harry waving to the twins and Ginny.

“That’s a lot of money,” murmured Neville.

“Yeah, and they stole it from a boy, who could not defend himself. It’s disgusting, really,” said Harry.

“And why are you doing this, Mr. Potter,” the Headmistress asked.

“Do what?”

Imprisoning the Weasley's and the Headmaster and Ms. Granger?” asked the Headmistress.

Harry laughed. “It's called revenge, dear Headmistress; revenge. What they did to me is outrageous and they need to meet justice, and that was what I did. It is much better in this way than that I try to punish them myself, because that is dangerous, not? The other reason is that if I do nothing of such kind, they will try to do much worse things with me, and I can't have that, don't you think?” asked Harry with a smirk.

“And what about Dumbledore?” asked the Headmistress.

Harry laughed loudly. “That old coot is done for, and I will do everything I can to insure that he stays locked up for ever, but in case he escapes, he is mine to kill,” said Harry loudly. “And I will kill him without any problem, and anyone who stands in my way, will be joining the old coot. Sorry Headmistress, but that man has too many dead bodies in the closet. “

The Headmistress huffed. “That may be as you say, but you can't deny that he is a great man and leader.”

“He was or might be a great man and leader, but now he is nothing else then an old interfering old coot and nothing else. Maybe he is the Dark Lord where the Prophecy is talking about, and not Voldemort,” said Harry cheekily.

The Headmistress gasped.

“How could you say something like that?” she said in absolute shock. “The Prophecy is secret and may not be talked about by anyone, then only those who are named in the Prophecy,” said the Headmistress.

“I am the one named in the Prophecy, Headmistress, so I have the full right to demand what I want within a reasonable limit, don't you think?” asked Harry.

The Headmistress gasped.

"Yeah, I assume that the old coot never told anyone the Prophecy, and you all took a huge risk," said Harry.

"What risk?" the Headmistress asked surprised.

"Well, you can't kill Voldemort, whatever you use, but he can kill you all. But I can kill him. The same goes for me. Nobody can kill me, only Voldemort can," said Harry looking thoughtfully. "You call every Auror and let them attempt to kill me, they can't; but I can kill them, and then I will turn to the leaders, and will wipe them out, because they had the guts to attack me, while I didn't do a thing but only trying to live my life. I don't want to be at school, I want to be let in rest and peace, why can't you give me that, and everyone is much safer and nobody takes risks to go against Voldemort, unless he wants to kill you because of the fun."

The Headmistress sighed. "I have work to do, and I speak to you later," she said.

"And what about our deal?" asked Harry.

"Later I said," and she flatly stood up, collected the Poodle walked tiredly to her office.

Harry sighed. I have a bad feeling about this," he muttered and looked at his girlfriend.

"What about showing you something what I have promised before?" asked Daphne cheekily.

Harry's face cleared up in pleasure. "That's an excellent idea," he said with a laugh.

"You wait here for thirty minutes and come to the Room of Requirement and we meet there, alright?" asked Daphne.

--

Headmistress Minerva McGonagall was walking to the office of Albus Dumbledore. When she arrived at his office, she started immediately to write short notes to various people of the Order and to certain

Professors here at Hogwarts. She really needed some work done, and the job she had on her mind needed careful preparations.

Albus had instructed her not to give in to any of Harry's demands, and try to get certain leverage over the boy. He did not think that Harry was evil, but he was definitely becoming dark or was already. It was of the highest importance to get the boy under control, even when that would mean taking him out of the fight and locking the boy up.

Albus had sent her a portkey, which would transport one person to a certain high-security vault at Gringotts. That vault was being used to secure people in the first war, and this would mean that it would be the first time to be used in this war. Minerva McGonagall was not happy to do this to Harry, but she felt she had no other choice. She did not believe that Harry was as powerful as he claims, that was all bravado like all those boys of that age.

She looked out of the window of Albus's office and she remembered happier times. Last year was such time, maybe not for Harry, but definitely for everyone else. She thought about what Albus told her a week ago. They discussed the war, the efforts and the role of Harry Potter in the war. Albus did not give details, but he discussed briefly the Prophecy and the role of Voldemort and Harry Potter.

"What ever happens, everything can wait, but Harry is our only and most important weapon," she remembered Albus saying passionately. She grimaced. Let's hope that Harry is bluffing, and that he would not be too angry, otherwise the war was already finished before it would really begin.

--

Albus Dumbledore smiled, when the door of his holding cell at the Ministry opened. He knew a lot of people, and many of them had some type of debt with him, and he only needed to let some Aurors making some fire calls and ... voila free again. He nodded politely to the Auror on duty and left the department. Albus walked towards apparation platforms and he was planning what his next steps would be.

The first and the foremost steps were returning to Hogwarts and take care of Harry. He must be safe and under his control, because he was totally too much of a pain. That boy did things, what others tried for years and he was the only one who could destroy him politically. Albus narrowed his eyes ... it was really not nice of Harry, and he wondered why the boy hated him so much.

But on the other side it proved how unsafe his position actually was. It only took a boy and an expensive lawyer to get him fall so deeply. He sighed. When Harry is locked up and in safety, then he would rebuild his old positions again, and he also would take care that nobody could repeat what happened with him today.

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Daphne Greengrass was walking in one of the large hallways where the toilets were located at the fourth floor, next to the classrooms for Runes. She was thinking about Harry Potter, the boy who helped her and her family this summer so much. She, her mother and her three sisters had an amazing time with Harry this summer. The first three days was stressful, and Daphne was not sure that time that she did the right thing in keeping the boy at their manor. He was not for nothing the Boy-Who-Lived, and that was by definition dangerous to keep him at your home, especially with the Dark Lord looming over every pureblood house holding.

But ... for the change they were lucky because they had no male in the family and the Greengrass's were not important enough for a constant monitoring of the Dark Lord and his minions. She smiled at that thought, because that changed very fast when the three days were over. When Potter was recovered from his misuse of the muggles, he took charge of her family ... and the Black's and the Potter's families as well. Now the Greengrass family was a powerful family again, and the Dark Lord could not touch them after the heavy wards had been installed.

Daphne looked at her watch ... oops ... still five minutes to go! She still was wearing her school uniform of course ... but what she wore beneath the uniform ... she hoped Harry liked it!

Suddenly she felt hands covering her mouth and someone grabbing both her hands ... she was pulled backward immediately ... but was caught at the last moment before she could make contact on the unforgiving stone floor of the castle.

Her first reaction was bite ... and that was what she did immediately ... and she was successful as well, because she tasted the iron-like taste of blood and the hand was immediately removed from her mouth. Daphne breathed in deeply and screamed with all her power, until everything went black and she did not know anything anymore.

Headmistress Minerva McGonagall was looking sadly at the Slytherin student, who was laying on the floor unconsciousness. It was such a pity that this must be done ... committing a crime ... even for the greater good ... was still a crime, and she did not feel good in what they had done.

Rolanda Hooch, the flying instructor was treating her hand. Daphne Greengrass had managed to bite her and now she sat with the problems, pain and blood. She grimaced.

Headmistress McGonagall took the portkey and dropped it on the unconsciousness girl, she grabbed her wand and tapped it three times and the girl disappeared to the high secure vault at Gringotts.

"That is one," said Headmistress McGonagall satisfied, "... and now we have to wait for the second to come."

Madam Hooch nodded, but suddenly her eyes went wide and looked over the shoulder of the Headmistress with fear in her eyes.

Headmistress McGonagall swirled around and she felt her breath struck in her throat and her heart skipping at least several beats.

In front of her ... right behind the not-expecting Madam Hooch stood a very angry and annoyed looking Harry Potter, his green penetrating eyes were glowing in rage, and he was ready to do something very unforgivable.

He growled.

“Where-did-you-send-Daphne?” he said slowly; the suppressed rage was very noticeable; Madam Hooch froze because of the clear threat of suffering and death and the malice in his voice caused her fearing for her life.

Headmistress McGonagall said nothing, but Madam Hooch lost control of her bladder ... the penetrating smell of urine was noticeable for all three people, and the Headmistress feared for her life.

Harry's eyes flashed in fury and both women were smashed against the wall ... not able to move and looked terrified at the figure of an furious Harry Potter.

“If you don't tell me where you sent Daphne, you will die here on the spot!” Harry growled.

“High security vault at Gringotts,” yelled Madam Hooch loudly.

The Headmistress looked poisonously at Madam Hooch, and Harry grimaced. “I am going to bring down the Wizarding bank after I have finished with Hogwarts. I had enough of you. You have exactly fifteen minutes to clear the castle of every soul, after that this castle is going to be destroyed to the last stone,” said Harry with an even voice.

“You are free to think that I am bluffing, but that is your business,” growled Harry, looking at the Headmistress and see for her reaction.

“I am counting,” Harry said.

--

Albus was in a good mood. After all the things he went through, the sight of good old steady Hogwarts gave a soothing feeling. He walked quickly to the big castle and marveled of her beauty. Suddenly he stopped, because he saw movements near the castle where no movements suppose to be, and he widened his eyes in surprise and shock! That was impossible!

The large fortified doors of the Great Hall were wide open and he saw a stream of students coming out of the castle and running towards him. What was going on? Were they evacuating the castle? Why? On

whose orders? And Dumbledore hastened his pace. Only McGonagall could tell him what was going on; and suddenly he froze.

The roof of the castle flashed ... and Dumbledore had the feeling that he was getting a heart attack. The most unreal scene run in front of his eyes ... Hogwarts was on fire!

The roof and the top floors of the amazing castle were on fire! Impossible! They were under attack!

Suddenly a loud and deep rumble coming from the castle and in front of Dumbledore's eyes again he could see that the Astronomy tower was collapsing and came with loud noise and dust down in pieces ... the ground was shaking of the impact and destruction ... and the castle seemed to groan and moan ... and Dumbledore felt the wards coming down in a great display of flashes, light rays, very noticeable waves of magical energy and great sparkling fireworks ... Hogwarts was dying.

Dumbledore looked shocked and devastated at the destruction in front of his eyes and for the first time in his long life he did not know what to do. There was no way that he could do anything about it, because the destruction happened too fast, and he didn't want to take the risk that he would run in an inferno of fire and destruction if he would go into the castle to save what he could.

The stream of children out of the castle came to an end ... it seemed that most ... if not all students of Hogwarts were outside, running for their lives ... not that Dumbledore cared, because there were more important things than those disgusting and irritated students. What about his office ... all his irreplaceable books and magical treasures, all his collections of the Dark Arts and Magical artifacts ... they would be all destroyed and for a moment Albus was tempted to enter the castle.

“Albus!”

“Albus”

“Albus”

Dumbledore became aware of a screaming voice next to him and that brought him out of his daze.

Minerva McGonagall stood next to him looking very distressed.

"We went too far with Potter," she shrieked. "He destroyed the castle as revenge!"

"What happened?" asked Dumbledore, looking shocked and appalled.

"We send Ms. Greengrass to the high secure vault as you had advised, but we were not able to do the same with Potter, and he went berserk ... he destroyed the castle," screeched Minerva McGonagall.

"Harry did this?" Dumbledore said flabbergasted.

McGonagall nodded, looking very scared. "He is going to Gringotts and get her out!" she screamed. "Merlin forbids, but he is going to destroy the total wizarding world in Britain only to get his girlfriend and then he is going to get his revenge on us!"

A loud plop next to Dumbledore made Minerva McGonagall shriek in fright.

"Hello, Dumbledore, that didn't take you long," said Harry casually. "As you see, I have finished Hogwarts, now I am going to Gringotts and destroy the place over there to retrieve my girlfriend. When I am finished with Gringotts, there will be nothing left of the wizarding bank, and that means that we crash the economy, don't you think?" Harry smirked at Dumbledore.

"Harry, my boy," began Dumbledore.

"No, old man, you had your time," said Harry calmly and looked at the burning castle.

"I am going to destroy Gringotts, then the Ministry and then I am coming for you, old man," Harry said and looked at Minerva McGonagall. "You will get your turn as well," he said with a grin on his face. "That will be fun."

Harry breathed deeply and plopped away.

“What shall we do, Albus,” wailed McGonagall.

Dumbledore was pale beyond belief. “Hide,” he whispered and looked at the burning castle as well.

“We are going to hide and never come back,” he said with finality.

End.

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A/N: Editor for this chapter is **Dave**

A/N: Many reviewers and other people (grin, *wonder what the difference is between reviewers and ... other people*) were/are complaining that this story is only a fragment and they want to read the whole thing. I promise that when I have finished ‘the Heritage’, I write a story like this one, only complete.

A/N: Thank you all reviewers for your input. *If you want to scream at me, do that at the ‘Writing Center’, because it is much more satisfying when you try to do that there then at or FicWad, where it will be ignored.* URL for ‘The Writing Center’ is in my profile.

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